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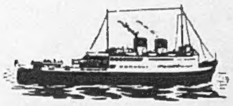

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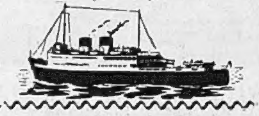

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1954.

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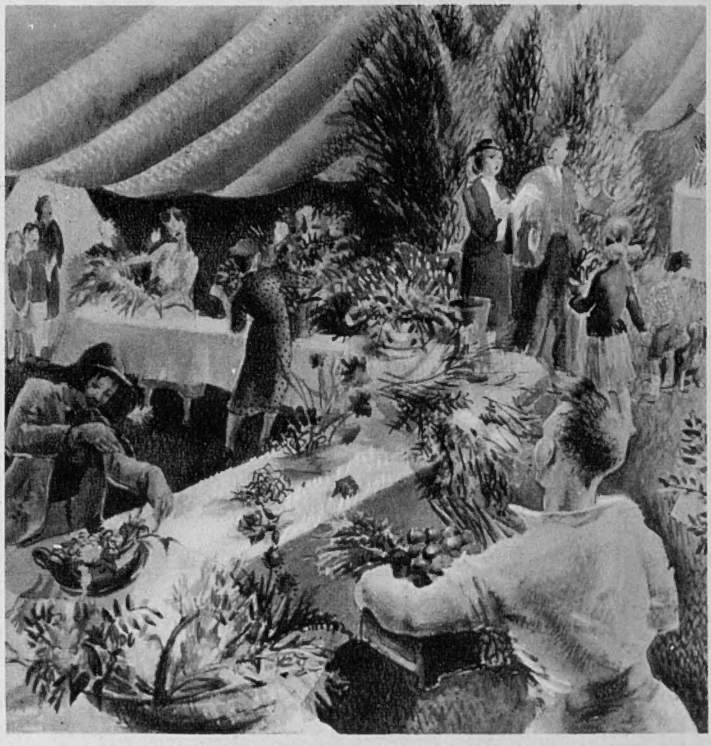
Photograph by Eric Coop.

MISS DEIRDRE REID

The marriage is to take place later this year of Miss Deirdre Reid, eldest daughter of surgeon Mr. Ronald Reid and Mrs. Reid, of Crepping Hall, Wakes Colne, Essex, and Lord Primrose, only son of the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, of Mentmore, Leighton Buzzard, and Dalmeny House, South Queensferry, West Lothian. Miss Reid, who attended the Ruskin School of Art, shares an interest in theatre production with her fiancé, whom she met when he was at New College, Oxford: she is responsible for the set-designing of the Oxford Theatre Group's present production in Edinburgh, and Lord Primrose for the lighting arrangement of the Diaghilev Commemorative Exhibition.

THE PROMENADE : by Norman Smith.



THE FLOWER SHOW : by Alice Margaret Seaton.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

TWO ASPECTS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER : By the sea and in the countryside, the wettest summer for years slides into autumn. Rain has lashed the promenades and drummed a mournful dirge on the roofs of the flower-show tents. Tourists have crouched by the gas-fires in their hotels. But let 's be cheerful ; it 's bound to be better next year.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

" MONTE CARLO," we exclaimed with an enthusiasm modified only by the hour (Big Ben was striking 5 a.m.), " here we come ! " At that moment O'Brien's Israeliteish Cloud let go a few warning drops, preparatory to the deluge which accompanied us all the way down to the car-ferry airport at Ferryfield.

We had with us, as our travelling companion, Lawrence Venn. It was well that we had. Lawrence is a remarkable person. After a close friendship of more than twenty years' standing there are still innumerable facets of Lawrence's character, fresh incidents of his extremely full life and experience to enliven his sprightly conversation. Moreover, he has the precious gift of cheerful imperturbability whatever the situation.

It was tested almost at the outset. Said the Silver City officials at Ferryfield when we presented ourselves: " Oh, there is at least two hours' delay on your service. We have ten services left over from yesterday. Indeed if this weather closes in (the Cloud was excelling itself), I doubt if you will go at all to-day." Muttering something savage about " If you 've time to spare, go by air," we started to console ourselves with a vast breakfast.

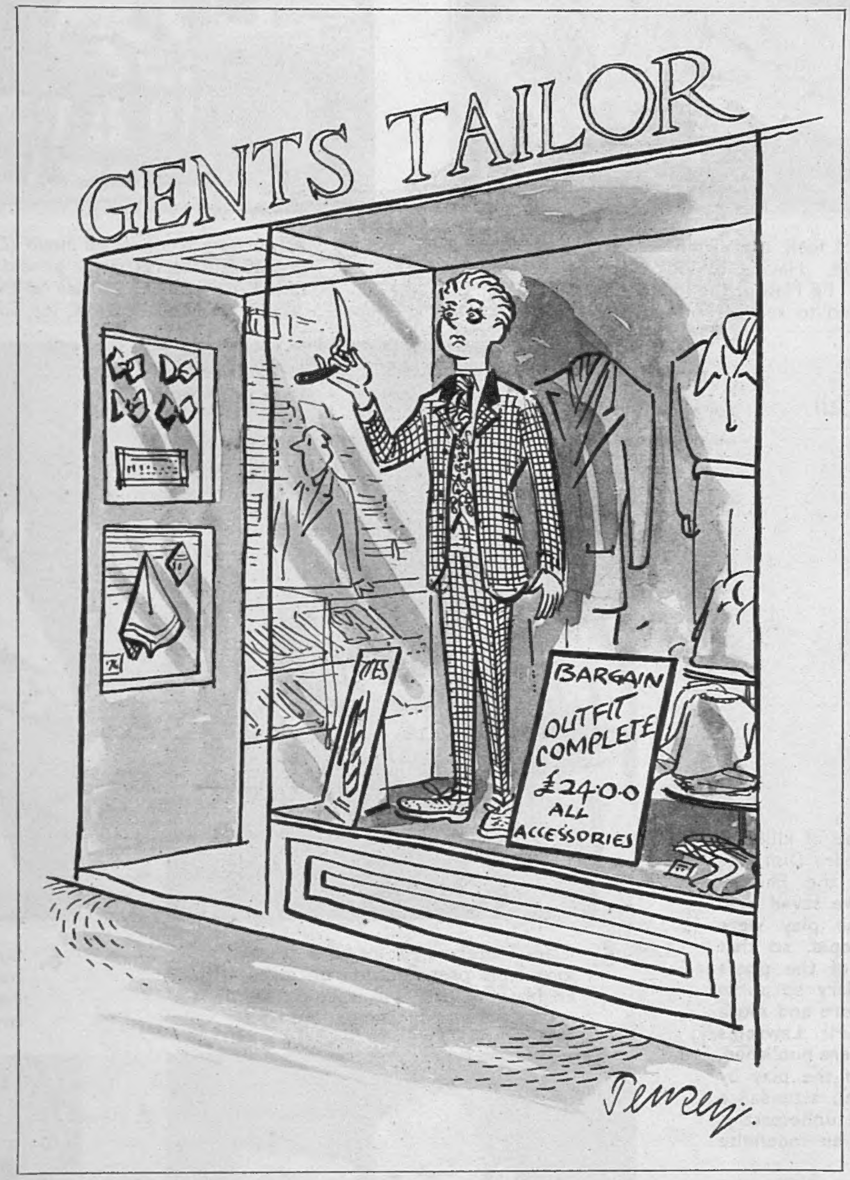
In the end, however, the Cloud proved beneficent. In order to get as many people as possible away before the weather closed in, they put all the passengers who were actually present aboard the various aircraft standing on the tarmac, so that, in effect, we left Le Touquet ahead of schedule. Thereafter the Cloud kept steady pace with us. Looking back to where we had been, one could see that, in the words of Mr. Clough—quoted with such effect by Sir Winston Churchill during a critical stage of the war—" *Westward lo ! the land is bright.*" Above and before us, it was black as could be. However, we did such good time, that we arrived at our intended first-night stop, the Hotel Royale at Sézanne, with its admirable cuisine, in the early afternoon.

Here we made what was to prove an uncomfortable error. I was outvoted by two to one by the rest of the party, who were for pressing on regardless. My warnings of the fullness of hotels at this time of the year fell on scornful ears. They were proved all too true. When we had failed by a hair's breadth at Chatillon and at Val Suzon to get the last available rooms we comforted ourselves that " there is sure to be room in those vast caravan-serais in Dijon." Famous last words. The Cloud was by now working overtime. At the Hotel de la Cloche we were met by a sign hung on the doors : " *Complet* "—downright rudeness on the part of the management—and smug English voices saying " Weren't we lucky to get the last rooms ! " It was only through the intervention of the little cashier at another hotel where we had an exhausted dinner, and whom Lawrence charmed into ringing up a friend of hers at the Hotel de la Poste at Beaune, that we finally got a single room for two while Lawrence slept uneasily on two chairs in the bar. I must confess to having been near to despair. On these occasions one gets the impression that the nightmare situation is never going to end. I remember getting stuck in Lagos during the war. Reason told me that one day I should get away from that ghastly place, but emotion made me certain that I was there for ever. Until the ever-to-be-blessed Hotel de la Poste took us in I was convinced that we were doomed to drive for ever in the pouring rain looking for a night's lodging, with nasty little French cars making that irritating " *pan-pan* " noise behind us.

All next morning as we drove through the famous Burgundy districts (I am told that, because of the lack of sun, they are talking of harvesting the wine in October—a bad sign) it rained. Once a break appeared in the clouds, the sun shone briefly, and we opened the sunshine roof. At this the Cloud which had been hovering over the hills on our right flank swept down on us with the fury of Apaches in a Wild-West film attacking a wagon train, and we were back in the familiar downpour.

At Avignon we had barely got in to the Hotel de L'Europe before the heavens opened. "*La pluie!*" exclaimed the townsfolk to each other gratefully, if perhaps a trifle superfluously. We ran into an old Oxford friend, Douglas Cooper, the leading authority on modern French art, who now lives in that part of the world. "Extraordinary thing," he said. "Until half an hour ago we hadn't had a drop of rain for a month. We need it."

The next day, however, we had a delightful drive through sparkling countryside with the first smell and feel of the South, and the cicadas trilling in the undergrowth; through Antibes, where we had the best lunch of our journey at the Taverne Provencal (mem.: Always keep inland from seafronts for good and cheap food); through Cannes, at whose noisy Blackpool-on-the-Riviera overcrowding we shuddered, to our destination. Here the Cloud, to the astonishment of the natives, was dutifully waiting for us. It was its last effort. Under the beneficent Monógasque influence it withdrew sulkily in the direction of Italy.



REVISITING Monte Carlo for the first time since the war is a heartening experience. Some things are happily completely unchanged. The young ladies reclining, shapely and nude on clouds on the ceiling of the "Kitchen" bar in the Casino still smoke their cigars, except for their sister who is smoking that cigarette—no doubt given her by some long since forgotten Russian Grand-Duke.

(Curious this habit of cigar smoking among upper-class Continental ladies in the '80s and '90s of the last century. There are still old people in the neighbourhood of Stowe who remember the Comtesse de Paris, the wife of the then Pretender to the French throne, for the cigars of Churchillian proportions which she used to smoke as she strode furiously about the grounds with her dogs.)

There are the same superb hoteliers. A faint and, as I had hoped, imperceptible dissatisfaction with our room at the Hermitage was noted by M. Grinda, the Great Panjandrum of all the leading Monte Carlo hotels, with the result that when we returned an hour later every item of furniture in it had been changed!

There are the old ladies who only appear at night to gamble, the whiteness of whose skins represents a challenge to the universal bronze of the younger generation who have taken over the place.

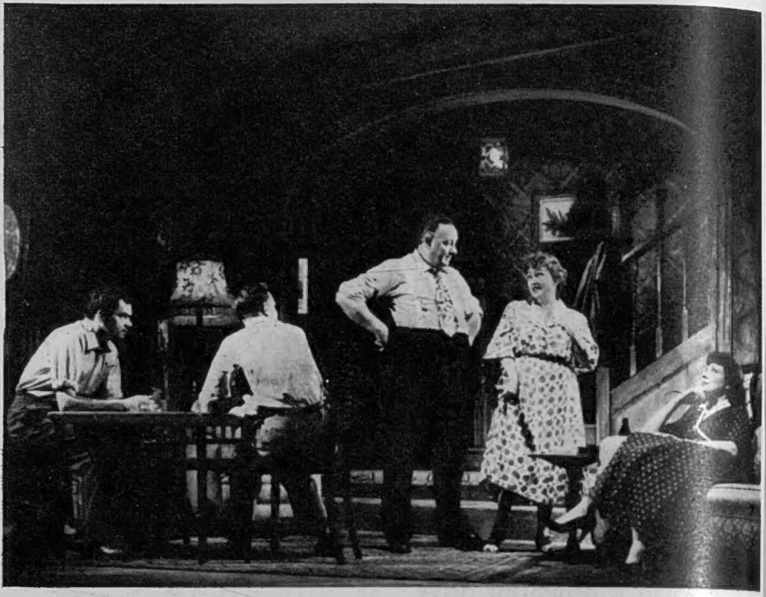
There are rich Italian princesses higher up the mountain (a friend who went to dine with one of them was a little surprised by the footmen who stood behind each chair), and charming elderly White Russians charmingly keeping up appearances.

The big change, however, lies not so much in such things as the fabulous Mr. Onassis' vast and beautiful yacht *Christine*, which he had to have built in Germany as British shipbuilders could not deliver on time (Tyneside and Clydeside papers please copy)—as in the accent on youth. I have seldom seen so many attractive young ladies of so many nationalities assembled in one small space (the whole of the Principality of Monaco is smaller in area than Hyde Park). Indeed on the Gilbertian principle of "*When everything is cloth of gold, up goes the price of shoddy*" a downright ugly face would set off these delicious beauties! "The Beach," surely one of the more attractive swimming-pool-cum-clubs is a disturbing experience for the susceptible.

Youth—and chic. Students of these matters would have had plenty of opportunity of judging at the great dinner and ball given at "*Sporting d'été*" in aid of polio victims. The organisers, headed by Jacques Lefevre, had hit on the happy "*appel au snobisme*" of restricting the numbers and charging fifteen guineas a head—without wines. The result was the biggest demand for tickets in the recent history of the Riviera. It was a memorable evening, dining and dancing in the open air, Mediterranean immediately below and a full moon immediately above. With an entertainment which included Larry Adler, playing everything from Bach Gavottes to the St. Louis Blues on his mouth organ, Marlene Dietrich, who seemed to be not quite as much at her ease as at the Café du Paris in London, with our own Edmundo Ros to make the British debs feel at home, we had one of the most striking firework displays I can remember—and the dawn at five o'clock was of a startling beauty of greens and blues and gold.

ONE old friend among many we met was Brigadier Dudley Clarke, staying at a villa in the neighbourhood. He told me that he has just committed his first novel—though not of course his first book. Dudley was, I suppose, one of the finest Intelligence Officers on our side during the war. I remember shortly after the war one of his former staff (like all of them he was an intense Clarke fan), telling me a typical story about him. We knew apparently that a certain Axis agent would be in the lounge of the King David Hotel in Jerusalem at a certain hour to meet a contact. Nothing else was known about him except that his code name was Number Eighteen. Dudley had his people posted all over the lounge and then got a pageboy to walk through it calling out, "Number Eighteen, please." One man, busily reading a newspaper, gave a faint but perceptible involuntary start. He was their man.

1. Clara Dennison (Joan Miller) feels that Time is eating away her chances for enjoyment in life. Having to look after her father-in-law ties her to the home. Ed Mason, the lodger (Alan Tilvern), would be glad to see her untied.



2. A touching scene when Floyd (George Woodbridge), Clara's brother-in-law, fails to recognise an old flame (Bessie Love). Floyd has been called in to bear his share of the expense of committing the old man to an Institution, for Clara will stand him no longer.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

The Wooden Dish

Reviewers have often been accused of killing a good play. In the case of *The Wooden Dish*, the new play by Edmund Morris at the Phœnix Theatre, they might be said to have saved one. Although the first reviews of the play were favourable, public response was tepid, so that the actors themselves, convinced of the play's merits, agreed to take cuts in salary so as to enable it to be kept on. But as more and more favourable reviews—particularly of Mr. Lawson's performance as the old man, Pop—were published, and after a full-length discussion of the play by "The Critics" of the B.B.C. panel, attendance so improved that salary cuts were unnecessary, and the play itself is to run for an indefinite period.

The Wooden Dish is an American piece, yet paradoxically, it is not the sort of play that could easily be produced in New York, where production costs are too high for the small-scale serious "problem play" to stand much chance of paying for itself. But the "problem" of the play, although it is set in Texas, is one familiar to us in England—that of the degree of responsibility owed by children to parents, by those in the prime of life to those whose age and failing powers make them more and more of a burden. The conflict in *The Wooden Dish* is between the pioneer, now senile, and his ex-waitress daughter-in-law—a part to which Miss Joan Miller brings a fine, strong performance.

The setting for the play at the Phœnix is by Mr. Reece Pemberton; nor should we neglect to mention a touching performance by Miss Bessie Love in what it is usual to call a "cameo" part.

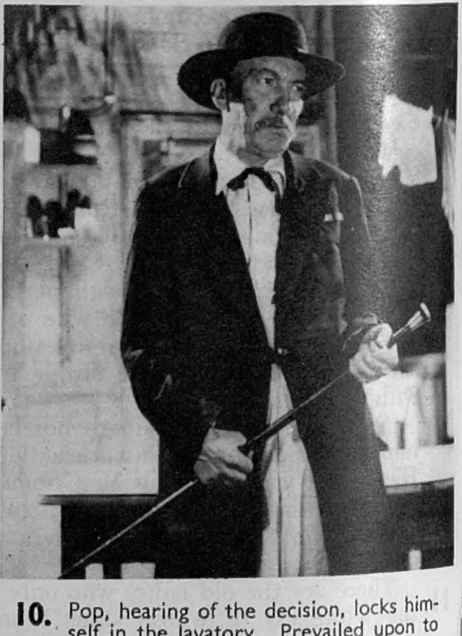
Since going to press we learn that Mr. Lawson is leaving the cast, so that *The Wooden Dish* will close on September 11th.

Photographs by Houston Rogers.

5. Clara, determined to be a drudge no longer, is prepared to run away with Ed Mason. They will leave on the next morning.

6. Susan Dennison (Dorothy Bromiley) has come back from the movies with her friend Janey (Maureen Beck). She overhears her mother with Ed Mason.

9. Though Glenn guesses that Clara also intended to go with Ed, the two make their peace. One of the articles of peace is that Pop must go.



10. Pop, hearing of the decision, locks himself in the lavatory. Prevailed upon to come out, he emerges dressed for his last fight.

3. In his youth, Pop (Wilfrid Lawson) could out-hand-wrestle anyone ; he still insists on trying his skill, this time on his elder son. He does not know that, while he is in bed, the man from the Institution will call to arrange formalities.

4. Forsythe (Harry Fine ; *centre*) has the papers ready, but at the last moment Clara's husband, Glenn (Gordon Tanner ; *right*), cannot sign ; he knows that life in an Institution would kill his father. Clara threatens to leave if Pop is not sent away.

7. After Clara had left him, Ed Mason met Susan by chance on the porch ; next morning, it seems that he has promised to go away with both mother and daughter. Brutally he tells Clara that he prefers spring chicken to old hen.

8. Glenn, enraged at what he hears from Clara about Ed's being prepared to run away with Susan, starts upstairs to fight him. He comes off worst in the fight, but Ed in any case will leave the house, and alone.

11. There is help for Pop. Susan has devoted her earnings to renting a hotel room, where she promises to make a home for him. But Pop is still a man. He refuses her offer, and goes off alone to face whatever will come to him in the Institution.

12. The wooden dish. Clara used to make Pop use it because he could not be trusted with china. But, at the end of the play, Susan takes it away. She intends to keep it. "What for ?" asks her mother. "*You'll* be old some day," says Susan, fiercely.

Strictly Biographical: 15.

By Louis T. Stanley

Dame Edith Sitwell

EDITH SITWELL'S personality is so uncontemporary that our meeting had upon me the effect of being suddenly transplanted centuries back in history. I recalled a description of a similar impact, an impression of one very tall, bending slightly, withdrawing and hesitatingly advancing, with the most distinguished nose ever seen on any human being. That was Edith Sitwell seen through the eyes of Gertrude Stein almost thirty years ago. Time has but ennobled her features. If anything the magnificent Gothic head has become even more Gothic, the grey-green eyes more penetrating, the long, shapely hands more slender, the features carved as though out of alabaster. Her brother, Sir Osbert, claims that he can identify in his sister traces of Plantagenet blood. It requires no effort of imagination to see in the cast of her features, the mould of her body, and the shape of wrists and hands, that Edith Sitwell could have sat for a painting of Lady Elizabeth or Katherine Somerset, or their cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

Like her brothers, Edith Sitwell has been saturated in culture, though at the outset her childhood was not entirely happy. The relationship with her parents was not ideal. Resentment was felt by her mother that the fashionable pursuits in keeping with their ancestral home of Renishaw Hall held no interest for the girl who was hypersensitive and thought of nothing but books and music. Sir Osbert comments on Lady Sitwell's visits to him at school. "I was fortunate in being her favourite child, and in thus obtaining much of the love of which my sister was deprived. And though I saw the sufferings of this young creature, it was difficult for me to realise the extent of them; for I was privileged to the degree that she was penalized. Edith still remained in the schoolroom, and so was seldom as yet allowed to come down and see me. Her personality was too strong, her mind too imaginative, her heart too easily touched, to make her a comfortable companion for the conventional. Besides, my Mother saw in her a living embodiment of some past unhappiness of her own. . . ."

The Inward World

THIS treatment merely increased Edith Sitwell's determination to live her own life and to withdraw into her own world. From an early age she showed a sensitive appreciation of the necessities of poetry. Her creative impulse was both quiescent and receptive. The physical and spiritual attributes essential to a poet were present. At times so deep was her emotional nature that she took upon herself an attitude of detachment which permitted her to view mankind against a vast background, and from that vision to satisfy her own soul. Her life adds emphasis to the fact that poetry is a lonely occupation. The difference between Edith Sitwell and her poetic sisters is that she hunts the Infinite alone, while they hunt in packs.

It is significant that few women in English literature have made their name as poets. I would name only four or five as worthy of mention, and of these in English poetry only Christina Rossetti can be placed in the same category as Edith Sitwell. To-day Edith Sitwell is acknowledged by all, except a handful of biased critics, as a poet whose work within its limits is the product of a master-hand. Such plaudits were not easily won. It has been a long and obdurate fight with an uncomprehending public. There have been times when Edith Sitwell's work, as it developed along its individualistic line, tended to outstrip the general understanding. Insensitive hearing is responsible for much of the adverse criticism of modernist poetry. Edith Sitwell's flights of metaphor have often confused those of slow imagination, especially when she maintained that "*the fire was furry as a bear*"; that rain "*grey as a guinea-fowl,*" "*squawking down from the boughs*"; that "*the morning light creaks down.*" Such images startled, but only by such bold blending can thought be refashioned.

Edith Sitwell's interest in music, and her association with William Walton who wrote music for the poem sequence, *Facade*, resulted not only in a setting to music, but a fresh artistic creation. This poem-cycle was first performed privately at the brothers' home in Chelsea. The private hearing was so well received that Osbert Sitwell was persuaded to stage a public performance at the Aeolian Hall in 1923. So that the audience should not be distracted by the personality of the reciter, a curtain was painted with a design of three primitive archways. In two of these were masks with stengerphones in their mouth. Behind the centre one of a huge female with closed eyes and open mouth, Edith Sitwell was stationed. Osbert stood behind the smaller mask. His task was to make announcements and explanations. Edith Sitwell's recitations were accompanied by the Walton music. Uproar broke out among the audience. *Facade* was not repeated until 1926 when the public reversed its opinion. In July, 1952, Edith Sitwell received a tremendous ovation from a huge audience when it was performed in the Royal Festival Hall, London. Such is the vindication by time, the arch-critic.

Sensitivity and Gentleness

APART from the satirical-fantastic inventions of *Facade*, it is interesting to isolate instances of Edith Sitwell's extreme sensitivity, the flashes of beauty, and at times the exquisite gentleness of spirit thus finds expression in rich poetic fullness. The elegiac, romantic vein in *The Sleeping Beauty*; the nostalgia of *Colonel Fantock*; the haunting rustic elegy *The Little Ghost Who Died for Love* with its lingering sadness; the sweeping rhymes and powerful rhythms of *Gold Coast Customs*. Some indication of the range of Edith Sitwell's poetic powers can be seen in the cold irony of *Serenade*, when Marlowe's "*Come live with me and be my love*" is transposed into the vision of Europe at war. The lover is unfaithful because he is "*the cannon's mate*" and "*death's cold puts the passion out,*" and the only serenade is "*the wolfish howls the starving made.*" Compare this poem with the frightful symbolism of *Lullaby*, where the only thing left in the world is the monster, the Babioun, which sings to the abandoned child on a devastated earth:

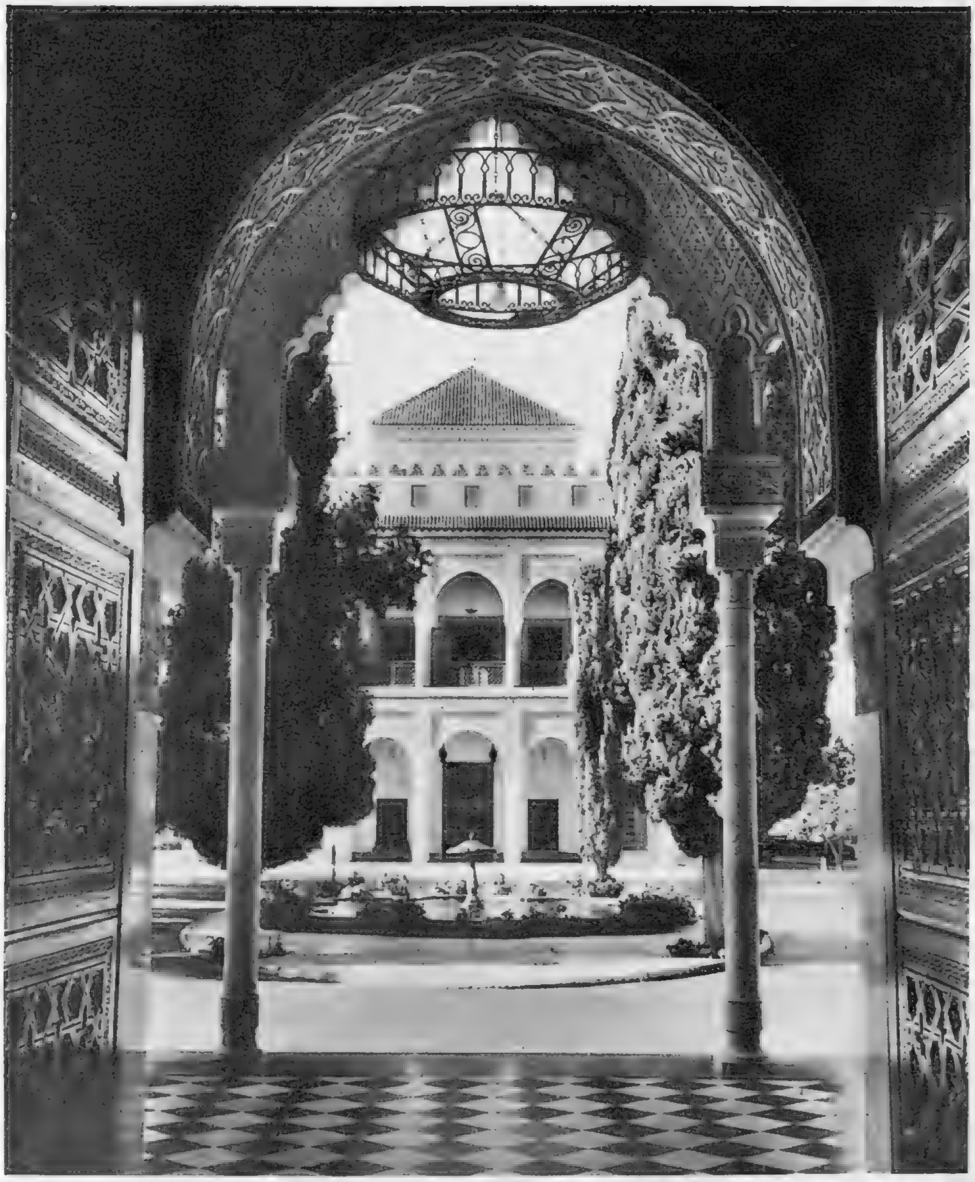
> *"Do, do, do, do—*
> *Thy mother's hied to the vaster race:*
> *The Pterodactyl made its nest*
> *And laid a steel egg in her breast—*
> *Under the Judas-coloured sun.*
> *She'll work no more, nor dance, nor moan,*
> *And I am come to take her place*
> *Do, do."*

Alongside might be placed the poem written by Edith Sitwell during the air-raids on this country in 1940. The tension and marked solemnity can be felt even in these few lines:

> *Still falls the Rain—*
> *Dark as the world of man, black as our loss—*
> *Blind as the nineteen hundred and forty nails*
> *Upon the cross.*
>
> *Still falls the Rain. . . .*

The falling of the bombs as a rain is likened to the falling of blood from Christ's side, a symbol of punishment and redemption through suffering. Three poems on the age of the atom-bomb brings the drama up to date, *The Shadow of Cain* being described by Sir Kenneth Clark as "this craggy, mysterious, philosophic poem." The next outpouring from her creative mind will probably be an elegy to Dylan Thomas, but whatever the source or the subject, her poetic credo will be observed . . . "*I believe that a poem begins in the poet's head, and then grows in his blood, as a rose grows among its dark leaves.*" In her appearance as in her poetry, Edith Sitwell is triumphantly herself.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.



Few gardens in North Africa rival the magnificence of the layout and appearance of those of the famed Pasha of Marrakesh, Si Hadj Thami el Glaoui. The extensive palace is hidden from the street behind a modest exterior of blank walls.

The Magic of Marrakesh

Poets and prose-writers have striven to convey the glamour of one of the four sacred cities of Morocco, but few have succeeded in presenting the vivid romance and haunting appeal of Marrakesh. The avenues, lined with heavily-laden orange trees, are overlooked by mountains that seem closer than they are. The *kaleishas*, slow-trotting horse-drawn carriages of the Sahara border city, are in keeping with the poised and placid walk of the veiled women in silk, rich-coloured *djellubas* and gorgeous hand-decorated slippers. In some shops the eye is feasted by the most brilliant silk clothes, by wondrously-designed *poufs* and fantastically luxurious head-dresses. Elsewhere may be found leather-work, craftsmanship in gold, and in silver and in brass, as well as those thick, white carpets made week after week by skilled hands. The tourist, 2000 miles south of London, spending a minimum of seven pounds a day in the Mamounia, drinking mint tea from a café roof, may watch the fantastic kaleidoscope of life in the Djemaa el F'Na. In the evening, there is Moroccan dancing, to startle and stagger the visitor in a hall where his neighbour in the audience may be a mountaineer, an American atom-base guardian, or merely a *fellah*, sipping a glass of coffee. For the privileged, there is the visit to the *salon* of Jacques Majorelle, celebrated painter, whose incomparable gardens have been drawn also by another painter, his friend, Sir Winston Churchill. Few cities in the world are as bewitching as Marrakesh, and few are more elusive.

In the vast square, Djemaa el F'Na, the music and dancing begins about noon, and goes on till dusk. Berbers from the Sahara journeying north to Morocco's capital, Rabat, meet Arabs from many miles around.

Fellahs in the sun-scorched *bled* about Marrakesh have no tramways, and so they travel long distances to market on patient, tireless donkeys.

Since 1195 the sacred city of Marrakesh has had its wonder Koutoubia, which dominates the Atlas snow peaks only 40 miles away.

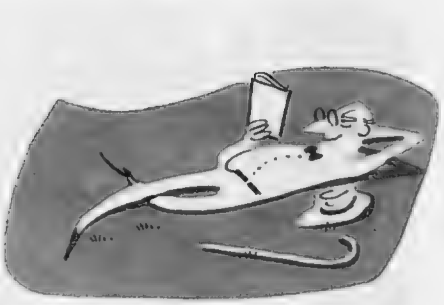
The Pasha of Marrakesh (*left*) and the head of the Kitanni Brotherhood, in the Holy City of Fes, North Morocco.

In the Djemaa el F'Na, vast open space in the centre of Marrakesh, townspeople and tourists stand spellbound by snake-charmers.

The gardens of the famed Mamounia Hotel, which has entertained Sir Winston Churchill and celebrities from all parts of the world.

Best-known private residence in all North Africa is the Villa Taylor, wonder home of the Comte de Breteuil, whose son is seen with some of the lovely Countess's personal staff. Here the Roosevelt-Churchill talks took place during the Casablanca Conference in 1943.

Our Bookshelf



THE MORTAL SIN OF FATHER GROSSARD. By Eric Baume. *(Angus and Robertson ; 10s. 6d.)*

SWAMP ANGEL. By Ethel Wilson. *(Macmillan and Co., Ltd. ; 10s. 6d.)*

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. By Celeste Andrews Seton. *(Michael Joseph ; 12s. 6d.)*

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

ERIC BAUME'S novel *The Mortal Sin of Father Grossard* recalls a gay, if rather mixed, ancestry: *Don Camillo, Clochemerle*, and (if the author will forgive me for a comparison more flattering than he may be aware of) the novels of W. J. Locke when in his joyous Gallic vein. Why these three ? Chiefly because the characters assembled in this village of the Dordogne, in spite of their uninhibited tendencies to swear, quarrel, drink, lie and obtain honour under false pretences, are yet proved fundamentally human and good and kind ; and the spectacle of a fellow-creature in distress moves them to drop everything and rush to the rescue. It is not to scoff, certainly, at this novel of outstanding delight if we remark that here idealism merrily sticks to its guns.

There are few plots more attractive or more potential for hilarious comedy than when one person pretends to be another—Shakespeare, among others, was well aware of this !—and in St. Perige we are presented not only with Malvina Smith, of San Francisco, pretending to be her friend, the late Louise Hine, but with a mound in the churchyard masquerading as the grave, unfortunately mislaid, of an obscure little American airman killed in 1944 ; a simple deception that harmed nobody and saved the credit of military France, originally inspired and carried out by Father Grossard—so wise and supple in his interpretation of his duty to God and mankind.

The picturesque, garlicky flavour of the language which the natives of St. Perige hurl at one another in the bar of Monsieur Haon the Mayor, an *argot* of such vitality, so unrepetitive and comprehensive, so flexible and vivid, testifies how well the author knows the French and their capacity for savouring life and grief and patriotism and parade without ever for one moment being insincere. The final dénouement in the confessional, where Father Grossard and Malvina have it out, rounds off the tale with a deep and indisputable quality of satisfaction for all concerned.

FROM the valley of the Dordogne we travel a long way west, to Three Loon Lake, set back in the mountains of British Columbia. The heroine of *Swamp Angel*, Maggie Vardoe, a brave and serious woman, has the gift of drawing wisdom and strength from all nature, and passing them on wherever and whenever they may be most urgently required. Directly she escapes from her unhappy marriage in Vancouver, she is lifted away from failure and heaviness ; already on her way up to the clean pungency of sagebrush and pine, she watches rainbow trout leaping from the lightly-dancing Similkameen River, ospreys cruising above its shining silver, a deer treading delicately round a tree-trunk to inspect the stranger ; soon, enraptured, she is to see the draperies of the great northern lights at the far end of the lake "*folding, playing, flopping . . . sliding up and down the sky*" ; and later, in the early dawn, a fawn making shy advances to a kitten at play, heedless, insouciant "*melting silently into kitten curves*" . . . an encounter that might have been stolen from Eden itself. Miss Ethel Wilson has also endowed Maggie with what appears to be her own predominant passion :

> *There is a mystique in fishing which only the fly-fisherman (a dedicated sort of person, or besotted) knows anything about.*

—a remark which (leaving out " besotted ") must endear her to fishermen in every land.

Old Mrs. Severance, however, Maggie's Vancouver friend, thinks little of all her scenery-and-welkin nonsense :

> *" I don't care for fresh air myself except for the purpose of breathing. . . . Everything of importance happens indoors."*

This Mrs. Severance is a superb creation : having once tasted the flavour of her conversation, nobody would wish to miss a word of it ; especially when she dilates nostalgically on days gone by, when she had won glory in the music-halls juggling with pistols—"*going so fast they dazzled, one behind my back and one under my elegant long legs*" ; unforgettable, too, her letter to Maggie after (on a superstitious impulse) she had sent her the surviving pistol, Swamp Angel, to chuck into the lake : "*I have tried to substitute inkwells and can-openers and so forth, but the balance in the hand is not the same*". . . .

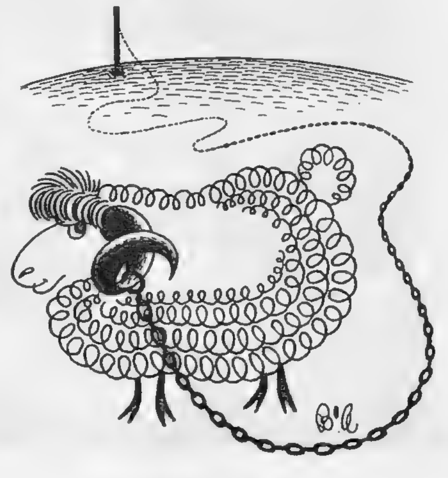
ONE can read *My Mother-in-Law* (obviously by her daughter-in-law) with equal pleasure as biography or fiction, and lose nothing either way. In point of fact, it is a fascinating portrait of a real woman, an eccentric philanthropist, Helen Gould Shepard, daughter of Jay Gould, the American multi-millionaire. Mrs. Shepard's inside knowledge of diverse things was truly impressive, from horticulture and ornithology to elaborate fancy-work and the whole of the New Testament practically by heart ; and her human reactions were even more astonishing. Once, when she was arrested for " speeding" (at thirty miles an hour), she sent along, directly afterwards, a lot of Chinese pictures and Oriental rugs to brighten up the dingy police-station that had been the scene of her shame ; always Mrs. Shepard listened intently to every word of a sermon because she was afraid of God—"*Louis and I listened to every word because we were afraid of Mrs. Shepard. . . .*"

Thus Celeste Andrews Seton portrays each phase of her mother-in-law's activities, with as much zest and freshness as though she had newly invented her. Though a very young girl when first brought to stay with Mrs. Shepard at Kirkside, she came through the test heroically ; indeed, a constantly recurring test, for Mr. and Mrs. Shepard loved to gather round them the four children they had adopted at various times, and whose upbringing, contrary to what one might have expected, had not been all beer and skittles and soft living ; skittles, maybe, but no beer, because Mrs. Shepard would only tolerate soft drinks in her house ; she had a marvellous Pompeian swimming-pool (complete with Lifeguard), but the girls had to wear long, black stockings for bathing ; while her lecture to Louis and Celeste caught out in the impropriety of exchanging one kiss (*after* they were formally engaged to be married), was quite fantastically unreasonable. They bore with her affectionately, for all four had a keen sense of the ridiculous and Mrs. Shepard had none ; perhaps therein lay her strength ; she was completely integrated and consistent. At the wedding of Louis and Celeste, just before they left, she sent them a little additional present, a Bible with a cheque for 1000 dollars "*peering out from between the pages of Proverbs.*" Her tyranny was tempered by love ; had it not been so, the constant tender recollections must have been missing from Celeste's chronicle, leaving only its truly gorgeous humour ; as it is, one is genuinely moved by the chapter describing the death of such a naïve, industrious little American version of our own Queen Victoria.

A new form of illustrated encyclopædia, *People, Places and Things*, is published by the Grosvenor Press. It will consist of four volumes, each priced at two guineas, and so far the first two volumes, *People* and *Places*, have appeared : *Things* and *Ideas* are to follow. The series is under the general editorship of Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Gibbs-Smith.

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

R for Ramshackle



(Method of securing a sheep of the male sex)

Photograph by Roger Morgan.

MARRYING THIS MONTH

A delightful recent study of Miss Brigid Laver, daughter of the well-known costume and art historian, Mr. James Laver, C.B.E., of 11, Wellington Square, S.W.3. Brigid is to be married on September 18th to Mr. Robin McEwen, son of Sir John McEwen, of Marchmont, Berwickshire. The wedding ceremony will be held in the private chapel of the bridegroom's home.

D

Our Social Diary

Gleneagles

IN the evening of what was officially described as being one of the coldest days in August for a number of years, I turned a chilly back on London and travelled up by the night train to Gleneagles for a week-end visit to the hotel. When I emerged from my sleeper the following morning, I found that the temperature was considerably higher than it had been in the south—and even the sun was shining! At the hotel I was welcomed by Mr. Berry, the charming and efficient manager, who, with his excellent staff, maintains the high reputation the hotel enjoys for comfort and service. After being shown to my room, I enjoyed my breakfast looking out on to the grounds, where beds of roses, dahlias and antirrhinums made vivid splashes of colour against the velvet-like lawns.

Later in the morning I walked down to the club-house which serves the three golf courses—one of nine holes for the less enthusiastic! The other two, known respectively as the "King's" and the "Queen's," are renowned among golfers all over the world. Seeing the rolling fairways and beautifully-kept greens made me regret that I had long since given up the unequal struggle of trying to be an exponent of the Royal and Ancient game!

Returning to the hotel, I met Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey on their way to the putting green, where I joined them; afterwards we had a drink in their sitting-room before luncheon. Here I met Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who are regular visitors to the hotel each year, and Mrs. Gamage's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Trevor Rose, who was enjoying a respite from her duties as a member of the London County Council. Mrs. Gamage also leads a busy life, and as County Superintendent for Berkshire, she is a tireless worker for the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey were leaving the following afternoon to spend a few days with the Earl and Countess of Haddington, where they were being joined by their elder son Adrian and his wife, the former Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, who had just returned from their honeymoon abroad.

On Saturday I went over to luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter at their shoot near Amulree. Their younger daughter, Mrs. Peter Kemp-Welch, with her husband and son John, was staying with them, and we had a very pleasant and not too energetic afternoon. Earlier in the day we met Mr. Freddie Peshall with his shooting party from Glen Quaich; another neighbouring moor is Lochan, which is being shot this season by Mr. Frank Douglas and Sir Nigel Mordaunt. This has been one of the worst years on record for grouse, but conditions in Perthshire have improved considerably since the "Twelfth." In Aberdeenshire, however, some landowners, like Sir Malcolm Barclay-Harvey, of Dinnet, and Captain Alwyne Farquharson, of Invercauld, had to postpone their opening shoots for a fortnight.

When I returned to the hotel that evening, I found many new arrivals among the guests. These included Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale with her husband, who had come up to shoot with Lord Rockley on the moor which he leases each year from Major Jamie Drummond-Moray. Commander and Mrs. Henry Pasley Tyler, with their two young sons, had arrived, and so had Major Charles and Lady Elizabeth Lambton, Sir Richard Pease, and Mr. and Mrs. John Henderson.

That night a dance was held in the ballroom, and two pipers from the Black Watch depôt battalion at Perth accompanied the reels. Many people, including guests in the hotel, and house-parties in the neighbourhood, dined beforehand in the Restaurant du Soleil, where I enjoyed excellent food throughout my stay. Sir James and Lady Denby Roberts came over from Strathallan Castle with a party of twenty, and another large party included Mr. and Mrs. Arch. Probart-Jones, from Kincardine Castle, Colonel and Mrs. Lester Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Burdoe-Wilkinson, Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Davis, who come over each year from Virginia. Others I saw included the Earl of Lanesborough, Sir Cecil and Lady Newman, who, with their daughter Rosalind, a débutante this year, entertained a party of young people, and Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson, the latter looking very striking in a classically-draped white dress.

VISITORS TO GLENEAGLES. Some of the guests who were staying in the hotel. An account appears on this page. *Above, left:* Mr. Louis Pezaro with his wife, who acted as joint-chairman of the very successful Empire Games Ball, held in London in June. *Left:* Viscountess Bearsted. *Right:* Colonel Lester Reid, the Hon. Mrs. Trevor Rose, and her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage.

DIAGHILEV MEMORIAL EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH. One of the most successful features of the Edinburgh Festival has been the Memorial Exhibition held at the College of Art to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Serge Diaghilev. *Left:* M. Serge Lifar shows Miss Alicia Markova the death-mask of Serge Diaghilev. *Centre:* The Countess of Erroll with Mrs. Buckle, whose son, Mr. Richard Buckle, organised the Exhibition, and Mr. Iain Moncreiffe. *Right:* The Countess of Rosebery and Mr. Leonard Rosoman, who was a member of the working committee.

In the ballroom Mr. Errol Flynn watched his wife take part in one of the reels, which she danced with great dexterity; they had arrived that day, and with their American host, Mr. Francis Brown, were going to shoot at Drymen.

On Sunday I spent a peaceful day exploring the countryside in this really lovely part of Perthshire. At luncheon I saw Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Mr. and Mrs. Teddy Phillips, both keen golfers, and Viscountess Bearsted, who had come down on a brief visit from the family shoot in Inverness-shire. From that part of the world I hear that Colonel Donald Cameron is lending his family home, Achnacarry Castle, for the annual Lochaber Ball, which takes place on September 13th. Achnacarry is most romantically situated on the banks of the River Arkaig, close to the ruins of the original castle, and should form a wonderful setting for the ball; a marquee is being built for the occasion, and the family piper, MacRae, will play for the reels.

"Homage to Diaghilev" at Edinburgh

THIS year's Edinburgh Festival has undoubtedly been a triumph of dramatic and artistic achievement. Seldom has the Scottish capital seen such a constellation of celebrities, and there was a great gathering from the world of ballet at the wonderful evening party which was given after the opening performance of the Sadler's Wells production, *Homage to Diaghilev*. The party was held in the Hall of Giants—part of the memorial exhibition in the Edinburgh College of Art, which has been so well organised by Mr. Richard Buckle. Lady Juliet Duff, President of the Exhibition's Working Committee, presided over a candle-lit table in the centre of this vast room, which has a gilded ceiling and frescoed walls, and is dominated by two giant negro figures on a platform. After supper, guests walked through the galleries, which were filled with interesting exhibits, and the lovely wallpapers that made such an effective background for the pictures shown were greatly admired.

Guests at the party included Madame Marie Rambert, Dame Ninette de Valois, Miss Margot Fonteyn — who sat with Frederick Ashton and Serge Lifar—and Miss Marjorie Middleton, the director of the Scottish Ballet School. Also, Lady Hutchison, whose husband, Sir William Hutchison, is President of the Royal Scottish Academy, the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, who was with Mr. John Maude, and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vivian, Miss Betty and Miss Ursula Constable-Maxwell, Mr. John Hollingsworth, Mr. Eric Tuxen, conductor of the Danish State Orchestra, and Mr. Dimitrie Berea, who has been exhibiting his pictures in Edinburgh and, it will be remembered, held a very successful exhibition at the O'Hana Galleries in London early this year.

Covent Garden

IN London, the last week in August was enlivened for lovers of ballet by the reappearance of the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, where they are to remain until September 25th. The opening performance included *The Firebird*, with Margot Fonteyn dancing the title-rôle, the revised and present production of which had its *première* in Edinburgh the previous week. The orchestra was conducted by Ernest Ansermet, who has been especially engaged for this season's performances, and, under his skilful direction, admirably interpreted Stravinsky's passionate and exciting music. Margot Fonteyn was her usual incomparable self, and Frederick Ashton gave a superb interpretation of the wicked and supposedly immortal *Kostchei*. They were ably supported by Michael Soames and Svetlana Beriosova, and a rapturous audience gave the ballet the reception it deserved. The other two, *La Boutique Fantasque* and *The Three-Cornered Hat*, were not as exciting, particularly the former.

Many well-known personalities were in the audience, including Dame Ninette de Valois, Lady Keynes, the former Lydia Lopokova, Sir Michael Balcon, Sir Leigh Ashton, Miss Constance Cummings, who was wearing very beautiful drop-ear-rings, Mr. James Bailey and Mr. John Lehmann. I also saw H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, Lady Bonham-Carter, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Motion (who were married last month), Captain Mark Bonham-Carter and the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn.

PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK with Mrs. John Banks, wife of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, at a reception held in the Scottish capital during the Festival given in honour of the Princess and her husband Prince Georg.

Forthcoming Events

The National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester will be present at the first evening performance of the revival of Charles Chaplin's film *Modern Times*, which is being held on October 7th in aid of The National Association of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Lady Ravensdale is chairman of the *première* committee, and tickets may be obtained from Lady Beddoe-Rees, 140, Park Lane, W.1.

Helena

HERE AND THERE

PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR : *Bellatrix*, the schooner belonging to H.E. Dr. Pedro Theotonio Pereira, the Portuguese Ambassador, has just arrived back in Lisbon, having logged over 200 miles in twenty-four hours. For her voyage out from Lisbon to Cowes she was sailed by the Ambassador himself; and we publish above a picture taken during the course of that voyage. *Bellatrix* is a John Alden schooner, 40-tons with a 60-ft. overall. She has competed in American offshore races, and once set the course record in a race from St. Petersburg (Fla) to Havana.

THE HASTINGS OPEN BOWLS TOURNAMENT was held from August 31st to September 4th in the sunshine of our brief Indian Summer. *Left:* Three ex-Mayors played together as a triples team. They were (*left*) Alderman J. D. Cooper, Mayor from 1949 to 1951, Alderman H. Burden, Mayor from 1932 to 1934, who is also a Baron of the Cinque Ports, and Alderman H. Rymill, Mayor from 1952 to 1954. *Right:* The Refreshment Bar during the Tournament sported an amusing inn sign—*The Bias One.* We trust that competitors did not set a course too much on the bias when they left it.

THE LAVANT HORSE SHOW: The Seventh Annual Lavant Horse Show was held at Lavant Park, near Chichester, Sussex, on August 26th. Our pictures show:—*Above:* Mr. John Tilling presenting the British Show Pony Society's Challenge Cup to Miss M. Cook on *Tartar*. *Above, right:* Miss S. Phipps Hornby on *Poet*, who was first in Class I. for the Best Juvenile Hunter over 14.2 but not exceeding 15.2. *Right:* Miss J. Wilkinson, Miss R. Hillman, and Miss J. Murray (*from left to right*), members of the Hambledon Hunt Team which won the Bartholomew Challenge Cup.

LAUNCHING A NEW TANKER: The *British Sovereign*, constructed at Barrow for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, was launched on August 31st by Lady Munro, wife of Sir Gordon Munro, a Director of Anglo-Iranian. *Above:* The ceremony. *Below:* Mrs. Dumphie (*left*), Sir Gordon Munro, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Lady Munro, Major-General Dumphie, and Miss Sheila Parker.

LUNCH-TIME BALLET: Miss Evelyn Laye and Mr. Anton Walbrook were among the audience that watched the opening of a short season of Ballet for Lunch at Toynbee Hall on September 2nd. A programme lasting half an hour and starting at a quarter-past one will be given every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, until October 1st.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Caledonia Stern and Wilder

ANY *Macbeth* cast in these days deserves a special award for gallantry. It is, perhaps, the unluckiest play on record; and superstitious members of the Old Vic cast could hardly have greeted the choice with a cheer. In the event, the Edinburgh Festival production on the platform-stage of the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland was luckier than one could have hoped. It comes this week to Waterloo Road, when I hope that all members of the cast will be sound in wind and limb. They have had a fortnight's fierce thwacking and hacking: no one would join a *Macbeth* for a rest-cure.

When I last saw Paul Rogers, he was in excellent fighting form. He loses his head every night, according to the text, but he is always about, a few minutes later, to take his call with Ann Todd; and believe me, few players in recent revivals have deserved their call more thoroughly than these: the Shakespearean from the West Country, and the actress who made her stage name before she won another on the screen. (A useful thing to remember.)

Paul Rogers is not the entire Macbeth. Still, how long is it since we have met one? Nobody in my recollection has approached Olivier (who should be doing the play again before long). But Rogers is on the path. He is splendidly forcible: unlike many Macbeths, he does not begin at Flying Scotsman speed and dwindle to the pace of a slow goods train to Barnet. This Macbeth sustains the drama—it was an excitement to watch him range across the platform in the Banquet scene—but he is, I feel, deficient in poetry. I am not arguing an old question. Macbeth may have been speaking poetry all his life without knowing it, just as Monsieur Jourdain spoke prose. The point is that he must get his hearers to feel the haunted verse: Mr. Rogers has not yet succeeded with me, though I have no doubt that he will. And I am sure he will become more facially expressive as the run goes on. He sees the dagger all right, but at present he goes on seeing it to the end of the chapter. We can say that this is an absorbing interim report on Macbeth; there is ample time for the actor to fill the gaps.

Ann Todd is a Lady Macbeth with a face candle-pale and set off by hair like the candle-flame. She is burning bright when she reads the letter at Inverness and thrusts her husband on to Duncan's murder; the flame wavers in the scenes at Forres; and, at the last, dwindles to a glimmer when the woman, beleaguered by the horrors of her conscience, moves asleep through Dunsinane. Miss Todd, though never likely to resemble the innocent flower, is very much my idea of Lady Macbeth, half ambition's slave, half First Witch.

The production, Michael Benthall in charge, has several other good things (and some guid Scots accents). I think of Gwen Cherrell's emotion as Lady Macduff—the murder of the child is savagely done—and of the final scene when Macbeth, looking about him before he tries the last, sees that he is ringed already by the spears of the conquering soldiers. I did not think that the advance of Birnam Wood came off, but it seldom does.

I have left the night's best performance to the last — John Neville's Macduff. Malcolm calls Macduff's noble passion "*a child of integrity*," and that is the perfect phrase for this actor. (There is my usual complaint about "*one fell swoop*"; it may be that the superb phrase has been so rubbed by time that we can never recapture the impact of its first speaking.) Mr. Neville's moment, for me, is when Macduff comes from the bed-chamber of Duncan. Here your average player will loose his sound and fury in a mighty roar of "*O, horror, horror, horror!*" But the man has just been appalled by an undreamt-of crime. It is a minute before he can get his voice; he can only gasp in a hoarse anguish that will rise later to fury.

It occurs to me, as it must to everyone, that Duncan's corpse would have been a fearful sight indeed. I have never seen a Macbeth with gorier hands. The amount of blood-letting in this production is quite prodigious.

John Vickers.

CUTLETS: Basil Dean has returned to active stage production with *The Diary of a Nobody*, which opened at the Arts on September 1st. Make-up, costumes and sets are close to the original illustrations, as readers may see. The actors are Brian Wilde (*left*) as Cummings, Leslie Phillips as Lupin, Dulcie Gray as Mrs. Pooter, George Benson as Charles Pooter, and Willoughby Goddard as Gowing.

NOT a drop of blood was shed on the stage of the Lyceum, where *The Matchmaker* (to be seen in London in late autumn, after a tour that includes Berlin) romped and pounced along to the unabashed delight of some, and to the embarrassment of others. Agreed, it is not really my favourite play; I cannot think why Thornton Wilder became so obsessed with an old plot—we can find its derivation more than a century ago—that he had to re-work it, and to allow his present *Matchmaker* to supersede his former *Merchant of Yonkers*.

I had met *The Merchant of Yonkers* twice before. At least it says something for Mr. Wilder that I could sit through much the same comedy again without grief. This time the pleasure depends almost entirely on the acting. The piece sprawls on unconsciously; it is fortunate that its best scenes are good enough to beguile the time. With Tyrone Guthrie to produce, and Tanya Moiseiwitsch to design the sets, it could hardly have been presented better. Mr. Guthrie kept the skirmishing alive, and Miss Moiseiwitsch decorated the stage in hues that would make Joseph's coat look like a mild black-and-white sketch.

We were conducted through New York of the eighteen-eighties. The wealthy merchant, Mr. Vandergelder, of Yonkers, was proposing to get married. Splendid; but to whom? He could have spared himself a lot of trouble if he had fixed his mind at once upon the matchmaking Mrs. Levi, that twittering friend of his late wife. There were very agreeable performances by such people as Eileen Herlie (in comedy for once) and Arthur Hill, a staid young clerk turned suddenly adventurous. The true heroine of the night was the matchmaker herself—the actress, Ruth Gordon, for whom Thornton Wilder wrote the play. She is so good an artist—her Margery Pinchwife at the Old Vic in 1937 remains a classic—that it seems a pity she should have had to return to England in a relatively thin part.

Thin or not, she let it have the full treatment. As an exercise in the subtle variation of prattle, this could hardly be exampled. Mrs. Levi cheeped and fluttered all night, and we were surprised that she did not look out at us from one of those covered birdcages in the fourth act.

IF you go along Edinburgh's Royal Mile and dive down St. Mary's Street, you hit St. Mary's Hall. There the London Theatre Group has been amusing itself with a tiny musical comedy, *All On A Summer's Day*. The retreat from sophistication continues: that is one of the only notable features of an evening—set during the eighteen-nineties—that we spend in and around the garden of a young ladies' seminary. Another merit is the presence of a bewitching young actress, Denise Walker.

Photograph by Houston Rogers.

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

Popular comedy star Kathleen Harrison has a wonderful rôle as an old-fashioned English nannie in *All For Mary*, the new farce opening at the Duke of York's to-morrow night (September 9th). Called in to nurse two "young gentlemen" with chicken-pox staying at a winter sports hotel in the French Alps, she finds things not quite as expected. Certainly the gentlemen are *young*, which is to say they are not *old*. But they are distinctly of an age not to waste time cuddling *bears*, and their interest in "models" has long ceased to be associated with yachts. Nannie finds she is called upon to deal with matrimonial rather than nursery problems, but in the time-honoured fashion of English nannies, she "copes." The cast includes David Tomlinson, Betty Paul and Michael Shepley.

ARTISTS OF FA

We reproduce here a selection of pictures
Galleries, which will remain open until Septe
very popular exhibitions, which are held an
visitors who flock to see the work of the
paintings by Renoir, Chagall, Courbet and Pas
Smith, and by Graham Sutherland, Ben Nichol
equally well-known moderns, as well as the us

TREE AND PLOUGHED FIELD, by Audrey Ashton. (25 gns.)

PAYSAGE, by August

LA SŒUR DANS LE JARDIN,
by Alfred Heyworth. (20 gns.)

PIAZZA PUCCINI, LUCCA,
by H. E. du Plessis. (30 gns.)

E AND PROMISE

from the current exhibition at the Leicester mber 21st. This is the twenty-second of these ually, to introduce talented unknowns to the famous. The present exhibition includes fine n, by Sickert, de Belleroche, Nash and Matthew on, John Paddy Carstairs, John Piper, and other al sprinkling of first-rate efforts by newcomers.

Renoir. (Not priced.)

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ROME, by Robin Darwin, C.B.E. (45 gns.)

LANDSCAPE NEAR HALSTOCK, DORSET (3" x 2¼"), by John Graham. (8 gns.)

OLD COTTAGE, LLANDDONA, ANGLESEY, by Kyffin Williams. (35 gns.)

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Old School Chum

" Kindly get off the croquet lawn ! "

" Oh ! Look at that adorable seagull ! "

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Miranda is my Old School Chum and she has been to stay with us. Charles was delighted when I told him she was coming, because Miranda is very pretty and smart and amusing and one of the few women he prefers to *The Times*.

I felt a bit nervous, because when Miranda isn't in her London flat she is at Cannes, and when she isn't at Cannes, she 's at Monte Carlo, and this isn't at all the sort of place to offer her the sort of entertainment she is used to.

" What will she *do* all day ? " I said to Charles.

" What do other Visitors do ? " said Charles. " Feed the seagulls, of course."

" I didn't think of that."

" She can feed them all day, for all I care, as long as she doesn't encourage them to come into the garden," said Charles. " You must make that quite clear from the start, Henrietta."

I promised I would. Residents' hatred for seagulls, who steal food put out for song-birds, wake everybody up at dawn with unearthly screechings and, if shown the slightest encouragement, build their nests on roofs, is only equalled by the devotion lavished upon them by Visitors, who spend most of their time on the beach being photographed by their friends as they throw bits of bread in the air for the seagulls to catch.

" And she can talk to the fishermen," went on Charles, " and there 's the Vicarage Fête and Sir Walter Raleigh's birthplace and watching the croquet and the bowls—I don't know what you 're talking about, Henrietta : there 's heaps to do here. Miranda will be thrilled."

Charles was right, of course. Miranda was thrilled. " I can't think why I spend all that money going to Monte every year when I might come here," she said plaintively.

" Oh ! *Look* at that adorable seagull sitting on that black thing ! "

The seagull on the capstan gave me a Look, and then threw its beak into the air and went off into peals of sardonic laughter.

" Oh, what a poppet ! I wish I had some bread. And look at that heavenly old fisherman surrounded by baskets ! "

" They 're lobster-pots, actually. Would you like to talk to him ?

" Oh, Henrietta ! "

I had shopping to do, so I left Miranda on the beach talking to old Batcombe, who is the only fisherman here who still wears a jersey and a seaman's cap. When I tell you he has one of those beards which grow under the chin, and ear-rings, you will know how romantic his appearance is, and though he never puts to sea except to row Visitors up and down a few yards from the shore, we are all rather proud of him, and he once had his photograph in one of the London papers. When I came back, half an hour later, Miranda was sitting with her chin on her knees and her soul in her eyes, as they say, while old Batcombe pointed out to sea with a gnarled hand. It was just like Millais' picture of the Boyhood of Raleigh.

It was just like Millais' picture.

Miranda talked about old Batcombe all the way home. " You see, Henrietta," she said, " those people are so *real*. The people in my life are great fun, of course, but quite, quite artificial. I realise that now. He was telling me about that German submarine he spotted when he was out after the pots. He spoke so simply and modestly."

" Batcombe's stories aren't always true."

" Oh, Henrietta ! " said Miranda reproachfully. " How you have changed ! You 'd think, considering the sort of life I lead, I 'd be the cynical one, but it 's not me—it 's you. First it was the poor seagulls and now it 's that dear, dear old fisherman."

After two happy mornings Miranda tired of the beach. One of the seagulls pecked her finger and old Batcombe deserted her for some other visitors, so I asked her if she would like to go and see the house where Sir Walter Raleigh was born.

" Sir Walter Rally is one of my heroes," said Miranda reverently.

" Actually, it 's pronounced ' Rawleigh.' "

" Nonsense ! " said Miranda, and I remembered what a bossy little girl she was at school. " It might conceivably be Rarleigh but it couldn't possibly be Rawleigh."

" Hang it all, Miranda, I ought to know ! "

We stood and glared at each other as though we were still in the Lower Fifth. Knowing Miranda, I knew this argument would go on all the afternoon, so I decided to cut out historical characters altogether and suggested a visit to the Croquet and Bowls Club. Here Miranda was an instantaneous success.

" Who is that fascinating woman ? " hissed Colonel Simpkins into my ear.

" An Old School Chum, Colonel Simpkins."

" She looks too young to have been at school with you, Henrietta. My word, what a fizzer ! "

" I thought you didn't like women who made up their faces ? "

" It All Depends," said Colonel Simpkins darkly.

I watched Mrs. Whinebite's growing disapproval with pleasure. " Kindly get off the croquet lawn with those high heels ! " she snapped, and poor Miranda was so startled I had to take her away and give her tea. Lady B. and Faith came to sit at our table. I wondered how Faith, our undisputed Beauty Queen, would react to Miranda, but to my relief they took to each other at once and had a long, long talk about clothes. Then Miranda and Lady B. had a long, long talk about Cannes, and after that I took Miranda home, feeling the afternoon had been a success in spite of Sir Walter.

" And tomorrow I go home ! You don't know how lucky you are to live in a place like this, Henrietta," said Miranda sadly.

" It 's so killing the way you all know each other so well just because you live near to each other. You seem to know absolutely everything *about* each other. Now, in London, it 's quite different : except to one's friends, one is anonymous."

" I should like that."

" You must come and stay with me," said Miranda firmly. " Get away from this little narrow circle and Broaden Your Mind. It will do you all the good in the world."

When Charles came home that evening Miranda was feeding seagulls on the lawn. It was a pretty sight, but not pretty to Charles.

" Take those damned birds out of my garden ! " he yelled.

Miranda says she is afraid living in the country has Done Something to Charles and me. Next week I am going to London to stay with her in her flat and have my mind broadened.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Diplomatic Hostesses: Madame Schlange-Schöningen

This study of the beautiful wife of the German Ambassador was made in the drawing-room of the delightful house in St. John's Wood which is the official German residence in London. It is now four years since her husband took up this post, which is his first diplomatic appointment—a mark of the high esteem in which he is held for his untiring efforts on his country's behalf—and in that time, Mme. Schlange-Schöningen has come to love London and all she has so far seen of the English and Scottish countryside. The theatre in all its aspects is her especial delight and she and her husband often travel to Glyndebourne and to Stratford. "Most of all, I love the atmosphere here," she told us. "Especially the strong sense of tradition and the great love for the Royal family that one finds everywhere one goes."

DUNSTAN—MUMFORD : Fellow officers from H.M.S. *Daring* formed a guard of honour at Plympton St. Mary Church, on August 26th, when Lieutenant L. Ralph Dunstan, R.N., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Rusden Dunstan, of Powisland Newtake, Crownhill, was married to Miss Patricia Mumford, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Roy Mumford, of Meadowside, Plympton.

PARSONS—BRYER : Coming up the steps from the Savoy Chapel after their wedding on August 21st were Miss Denise Bryer, youngest daughter of Mrs. Bryer, of St. John's Wood, and her husband, Mr. Christopher Parsons, younger son of Dr. and Mrs. F. P. N. Parsons, of Finchley Road, Hampstead.

"The Sketch"

NICHOLAS—LOXLEY : Happy couple for whom the sun came out, leaving St. Michael's Church, Chester Square, London, on August 19th, were actress Anne Loxley, of Reading, Berkshire, and her sportsman husband, Mr. Peter Nicholas, of Kensington, a Hertfordshire rugby footballer and London club cricketer.

HAPSBURG—SOPER : Married at St. Elizabeth's, Milton, Massachusetts, on August 26th, were Mr. Stefan Hapsburg, son of the former Princess Ileana of Rumania, and Miss Jerrine Soper, of Mattapan, Massachusetts.

ELVERSON—LAURIE : Leaving St. Mary's, Hullavington, on August 14th, were Mr. Brian Elverson, of Lower West Park Farm, Corston, Wiltshire, and his bride, Miss Rosamond Laurie, of Darley House, Hullavington.

HENNESSY—HAVERSON : Bride who took her miniature French poodle to her wedding was Miss Julie Haverson, a London model, seen leaving St. Mary's Church, Shenfield, Essex, on August 28th, with her husband, Mr. Geoffrey Hennessy, younger son of Sir Patrick Hennessy, Managing Director of the Ford Motor Company.

Wedding Album

CHALMERS—STAGG : The day they will always remember—High Summer in England ! Bridegroom Mr. David Chalmers, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. H. Chalmers, of Wellington, New Zealand, holds an umbrella for his bride, Miss Pamela Stagg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Stagg, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton Road, on August 21st.

MONIER-WILLIAMS—LAW : At St. Mary the Virgin, Thame, on August 21st: Miss Margaret Law, of Thame, and Peter, son of Brigadier Monier-Williams, of Lords and Ladies Pilcot, Dogmersfield, Hants.

RUSHTON—ERSKINE: Leaving St. Columba's Church, Pont Street, on August 28th, were Mr. Thomas C. Rushton, of New Malden, Surrey, and his bride, the former Miss Margaret Erskine, of Woodford Green, Essex.

FRY—STRATER : The sun shone at St. James's, Spanish Place, on August 28th, when Miss Erica Strater, younger daughter of the late Mr. E. Strater and of Mrs. I. M. Strater, of 86, The Gallop, Sutton, Surrey, was married to Mr. Eric Fry, only son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Fry, of 8, Playfair Mansions, Queen's Club Gardens, W.14.

EVANS—HANDS : The guard of honour was comprised of officers of the Royal Dragoons at Holy Trinity Church, Bosham, Sussex, on August 21st, for the wedding of Second Officer Elizabeth Hands, W.R.N.S., Little Bennar, Bosham, and Captain John Evans, of The Royal Dragoons, of Little Bryansground, Presteigne, Radnor.

FURNISS—COTET : Married at Caxton Hall Registry Office on August 3rd were Mademoiselle Denise Cotet, of 10, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, youngest daughter of M. and Mme. Charles Cotet, of 10, Rue Albert Malet, Paris 12, and Flight-Lieutenant Peter Furniss, D.F.C., R.A.F., of 39, Cadogan Place, S.W.1.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

VIOLET PRETTY : For taking care not to go off "pop."

We like to think that smiling Miss Pretty, who is in the Carroll Levis Television Show, will never lose her temper, for if *she* were to "go off pop"—goodness, she'd die of cold! This is one of Miss Pretty's summer outfits. We don't know what she wears in the winter.

ALFRED and ELMA MILOTTE : For kindness to alligators.

Mr. and Mrs. Milotte's work as a camera team for Walt Disney has taken them from Alaskan ice (*The Alaskan Eskimo*) to the swampy heat of Florida (*Prowlers of the Everglades*). The Milottes lived a year with the Eskimos, nine months with alligators in Florida. They have not expressed a preference.

C. OAKLEY : A Sassenach at the Scottish Industries Exhibition.

Helping to organise the Exhibition, opened at Glasgow by her Majesty the Queen Mother on September 2nd, was Mr. Oakley, an ex-patriate Devonian. He suggested the "tartan campaign" that is the Exhibition's motif. Mr. Oakley's own tartan, we suppose, is from Devonshire—cream on a green field, perhaps.

FREYDIS LEAF : Who flew through the air with the greatest of ease.

By winning the Goodyear Trophy Air Race at Shoreham on August 29th, Miss Leaf became the first woman air-racing champion. She is a member of the West London Flying Club, and flies thousands of miles each year training Women's Junior Air Corps cadets; during the war she was a ferry pilot. Miss Leaf flew a Miles Hawk Major in the Trophy Race.

SURREY'S COUNTY CRICKETERS : For being third time skilful.

Who says "Third time lucky"? Of course, you need *some* luck in cricket, but the brisk burst with which Surrey finished the season was dead crafty. Here you see the team drinking a toast after the Worcester match had put the championship in the bag; W. S. Surridge, Surrey's captain, is on the right.

F. R. SMITH : The Pied Piper of Tottenham.

When Mr. Smith, the Entertainments Officer at Tottenham, has arranged a turn for the children, he goes out with a hand-bell to collect an audience. The Borough Council is always polite to Mr. Smith, so he never leads the children into an enchanted hill. We don't know if the hand-bell kills rats as well.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

IMMORTAL KOSTCHEI

Our picture is of Frederick Ashton as the wicked sorcerer, the Immortal Kostchei, in the Sadler's Wells revival of Fokine's *The Firebird.* In this revival, Margot Fonteyn dances the part created by Karsavina for Diaghilev in 1910: the warmth of her interpretation is in contrast to the glitter of another superb Firebird, Marie Tallchief, who has been seen in London in the version by Balanchine in the repertoire of the New York City Ballet. Yet another version—choreographed by Lifar—will be seen this year, again at Covent Garden, on October 5th, during the visit of the Ballet of the Paris Opera.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

Little and Good

THE annual Radio Show, which provides a magnificent romp for electronically-minded schoolboys, is no occasion for a serious study of the advances in television. But when I returned home after a visit to it, exhausted and footsore, certain features—which are of immediate and future interest to the viewing public—did stand out.

The first is the amazing extent to which the component parts of radio equipment have been reduced in size. One saw highly efficient valves which were so small that one could put two or more of them into a match-box. There was a startling example of this trend in the tiny television camera which Pye were displaying. It would be quite possible to tuck it into the pocket of a raincoat, and yet it was giving excellent pictures of the milling crowd round the stand, with no more than the ordinary lighting of the exhibition hall. The use of such a camera is obvious—especially for outside broadcasts. An operator, holding it in his hands, could move freely in crowds and in places where it is impracticable to take the present heavy equipment, which has to be mounted on a cumbersome "dolly."

The same firm were also demonstrating a system of three-dimensional television, by means of a twin camera. It involves the wearing of special polarised glasses, and—quite frankly—the results were not really impressive. But, of course, it is early days yet to judge what can only be an experiment—and a very laudable one, I may say.

As on previous occasions, I found Television Avenue the most significant exhibit for the potential buyer. Here, in a dimly-lit enclosure, one could see over 100 television sets working side by side, making comparison of picture quality an easy matter. At a first glance, the display was bewildering, and one was tempted to say that there wasn't a pin to choose between them. But there was—a most potent pin. Assuming that all the sets were adjusted correctly, it was quite obvious that the most satisfactory pictures were coming from those with the smaller screens.

The public have developed an extraordinary fetish for larger and larger pictures, and the manufacturers, obedient to the demand, are now producing cathode-ray tubes of monstrous size. The result is unhappy all round. For a large tube not only costs more—swelling the price of the set—but it magnifies the defects as well as the size of the picture. Most people by now know that the television image is made up of a multitude of lines of light, and that there are dark gaps between them. In a large tube these gaps are naturally much more obvious, and one has to sit further back to avoid being distracted by them. This is all very fine if you have a huge drawing-room, but in the average sitting-room of a modern flat a 17-in. tube may easily drive you back to the furthest wall.

Personally, I am very happy with my set, which has one of the old-fashioned 9-in. tubes. It is tucked away in a corner, and in the winter I can sit around the fire with whatever friends happen to be there, and see excellently at a distance of about 5 ft.

I want to stress this point for intending purchasers; for, after all, a television set is no cheap investment, and you might as well get the best out of it. Before you choose a set, think where you intend to place it and also where you intend to sit. Keep an estimate of the distance in your mind when you go to the showroom for a demonstration, and make it your vantage point when you view the set of your choice. And don't be in a hurry about it; watch for at least ten minutes or so. You'll be surprised how a screen seems to grow while viewing. The time taken will be very well worth the trouble, and you may save yourself a moiety of money.

Of course, there are people for whom expense is merely a matter to hang; and for them it must be a great temptation to buy one of the spectacular "projection" sets. With these the picture comes from a small, intensely-lit tube which throws the image on to a large screen *via* a mirror. I saw several of them at the Radio Show, and, though I did my best to like them, the effort was not a success. Apart from my preference for being able to take in the whole of the picture in one look—which is impossible at close range, with a screen about 3 ft. wide—I found the restriction of viewing-angle irksome. With my eyes bang in front of the screen, the effect was glorious. But with any considerable movement to either side or up and down, the picture began to fade, until, at something like 70 degs. from head-on, it disappeared entirely. Also—and again this may be a purely personal fancy—the perfectly flat screen, as opposed to the slightly bulging cathode-ray tube, seemed to take away something of the intimate, nearly three-dimensional quality of television.

I am tempted to wind up this advice for those about to buy a television set, by borrowing Mr. Punch's reply, and saying, "Don't." For I cannot recall a more colourless and dreary fortnight's viewing than the one which has just elapsed. There certainly has been nothing to tempt me to waste space about it on this page. However, hope springs eternal, and the autumn schedules begin to look a little brighter.

SIR MALCOLM SARGENT

JACQUELINE DELMAN

DORIS DAY

GEORGE RYLANDS

T.V. PERSONALITIES: SIR MALCOLM SARGENT once confessed to us a lukewarm attitude towards television. In spite of this he is one of the most exciting personalities in the medium. He will appear again on your screens on September 18th, when he conducts the final concert of the present Prom season. JACQUELINE DELMAN, who was "discovered" by Eric Robinson, made a welcome return to television on August 30th, when she sang more beautifully than ever, in one of the *Music For You* programmes coming from the B.B.C. studio at the Radio Show. DORIS DAY fans—and we include ourselves—will be able to enjoy a full forty minutes of her on September 14th, when the B.B.C. show a film compiled from some of the songs and theme tunes she has made famous. For a Cambridge don to produce a television play is, to say the least, unusual. But GEORGE RYLANDS, one of the most distinguished Shakespearean scholars, is to co-produce *Troilus and Cressida*—with Douglas Allen. It can be seen on September 19th and 23rd.

MY own TV diary includes the following dates. September 11th for *The Spice of Life*, in which the reminiscing personality is to be Gilbert Harding, which should be fun. September 12th brings *The Moon in the Yellow River*, by Denis Johnston, a tragi-comedy of Irish life which has become something of a classic. For those of us who dread the expense of going to law, there is a documentary on September 13th, called *Can I Have a Lawyer?*, which deals with the work of a solicitor who works in a poor district of London. The following evening the scene shifts to Venezuela, and we have *Montserrat*, a play by Lilian Hellman (from the French of Emmanuel Robles). This is a trifle harrowing, so it will be nice to have Doris Day bringing a little light relief in a compilation of some of her song-hits in the films. The last night of the Proms, on September 18th, is a "must," as is *Troilus and Cressida*, on the next night. It's about time we had a little more Shakespeare.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"I WANT THIS TO GO BY AIR"

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

"Two Households, Both Alike in Dignity..."

THE YOUNG LOVERS
(Leicester Square)

WHAT a graceful and wise and tender film this is, and, how clumsy and embarrassing and harsh it might have been!

The story that George Tabori and Robin Estridge have written, and Anthony Asquith has to tell, is a modern variation of the Romeo and Juliet theme, with the Powers of East and West standing for the Houses of Capulet and Montagu. There are no guarded frontiers in it; no armed men rushing about in jeeps. The scene is London, not Berlin nor Vienna. The dispute, although a grave one, is conducted on high levels and in the most orderly fashion. The Iron Curtain is there all right, but it is a barrier existing in the human mind, separating two young people from each other, and dividing them from their elders, denying them the chance to love.

The film slips into existence—I can describe it in no other way, so smoothly does the whole thing happen—one night at Covent Garden, when a boy and a girl, complete strangers, find themselves side by side watching *Swan Lake*, perhaps the most insidious of all ballets. They fall in love for evermore, before they learn the facts about each other. Ted is an American, attached to the Intelligence Section of the U.S. Embassy. Anna is the daughter of the Minister of some unspecified Iron Curtain country, employed as confidential secretary.

Both of them are devoted to their countries. Each of them is in possession of political and military secrets the other has no right to know. It never occurs either to boy or girl to share these secrets. The precious moments of their stolen meetings have room for nothing but each other. But their respective Governments can't believe in such a simple situation. The Eastern Legation has Anna's movements shadowed. The U.S. Embassy, closely co-operating with British Intelligence, taps Ted's telephone line. When the boy (an innocent who would seem to have strayed into the wrong profession) lifts the receiver and whispers a goodnight poem to his lady, the artless message is recorded, and gravely played back to the Allied security officers. It *sounds* like poetry, and quite harmless poetry; but there was that case in Turkey—yes, it might well be in code.

Nobody is really unkind either to Ted or Anna. Ted's friends at the Embassy do their best to help him. Anna's father may be a bit of a fanatic (after all, he has spent fifteen years in prison for the Cause), but he is careful of his daughter and deeply fond of her. But when it is learnt there is going to be a child, the idea of marriage occurs to neither party as a feasible solution. Ted must be sent back to Washington; Anna whisked expeditiously home behind the Iron Curtain.

The lovers make a bolt for it. They acquire a small boat, and set out to risk the dangers of a gale-tossed Channel. What happens to them is left uncertain. Under the stormy sky, on the gleaming sands, Anna's father and Ted's friends read a note in silence. "*We are running away, not because we are guilty, but because you cannot believe we are innocent. . . . Without love, you will destroy not, as you think, each other, but yourselves.*"

The whole film has been done with consummate skill; without hatred, bitterness or bias. The acting strikes me as almost faultless, with splendid performances by David Kossoff as the father, and Joseph Tomelty as the British Intelligence Officer. Anthony Asquith's patient and tender direction has brought out just the qualities needed in the two young people; a kind of rapt intensity, with at times a touch of sleep-walking.

"One of these mornings I'm hoping to get in a second bash at this thing."

France's Odile Versois, who plays Anna, has been seen before in British films, but never, I think, to such advantage. David Knight is a newcomer to the screen. The son of an American Baptist minister, he came over here to study at R.A.D.A. Hollywood sent for him to play opposite Audrey Hepburn in *Sabrina Fair*, but eventually gave the part to William Holden. After kicking his heels for a time, jobless in the film city, Knight made up his mind to return to London. Hollywood's loss is Britain's gain.

THE GREEN SCARF
(Plaza)

Nobody who sees *The Green Scarf* is likely to forget what it 's about. A young man (Kieron Moore) stands in the dock of the Paris Palais de Justice, accused of murder. He has been deaf, dumb and blind since birth, and can only understand the evidence, or communicate with his counsel, through the interpreter sitting beside him, using the recognized touch language of blind deaf-mutes.

The prisoner refuses to make any statement in his own defence, and his counsel (Michael Redgrave), a shabby old person who has only taken the brief after several brilliant barristers have rejected it, finds himself with a two-fold job to do. First he has to break down his client's passive acceptance of his fate. Then he has to dig back for clues in the prisoner's lonely life.

He finds that only two people have ever really penetrated this world of solitude. One is the girl (Ann Todd), who mothered him as a child, and later became his wife. The other is an old teacher (Leo Genn) at the deaf-and-dumb school where he spent his boyhood. With the help of these two, and by shrewd questioning of other witnesses, not without a certain melodramatic flourish, the lawyer arrives at the truth about the murder.

The Green Scarf is adapted from a French novel; was directed in England by George More O'Ferrall. The Paris Assizes have been conscientiously reconstructed, and French judicial procedure carefully studied. Yet somehow the atmosphere doesn't always ring quite true, and it might have been better to shift the whole story to a London setting, or leave the subject to the French studios—with French players.

There is small doubt that the film comes most movingly to life in the scenes involving Leo Genn and the frantic little boy, wild as a trapped animal, who is put into his care. The variation on these scenes, used as a coda in the closing shots, is also imaginative and beautifully composed. Mr. More O'Ferrall, in my opinion, has got part-way towards a fine film, but not much more than half-way.

THREE COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN
(Carlton)

An absolute gift to the Italian tourist agencies. Wonderful views of Rome and Venice, in CinemaScope and romantic colour, invite one to rush for reservations on the first train, boat or 'plane, leaving for Italy. The story that goes with these lovely pictures is quite harmless, sometimes even charming. Three well-dressed American secretaries (Maggie McNamara, Jean Peters and Dorothy McGuire) make bids for three distinctive local characters; a Prince (Louis Jourdan), a cultured peasant (Rossano Brazzi) and an eminent novelist (Clifton Webb), who has the odd fancy to spend his life in Italy but be buried in America. The title, of course, is derived from the legend of the fountain of Trevi, and nobody should be surprised to hear the number *Three Coins in the Fountain* used as a musical running commentary.

NO PLACE FOR THEM

It is not the family feud of Montagu and Capulet that keeps *The Young Lovers* (Odile Versois and David Knight) apart, but the modern division of the world itself. Anna is the daughter of an Iron Curtain Minister to Britain ; Ted works in the U.S. Embassy. Because of this, their love is seen through distorting glasses by all who know them, and something direct and beautiful seems furtive and even treacherous. In the end, they are forced to run away to search for some third place where they will be allowed to love one another. *The Young Lovers* is a modern parable, simply told and moving. It is showing at the Leicester Square Theatre, and had its Scottish *première* at Edinburgh on September 5th. Miss Lejeune reviews the film on the opposite page.

A Change from Hazard

CALYPSO, A NEW GAME, IS LAUNCHED AT CROCKFORD'S.

ONE approach to Crockford's is from the Mall. High above the steps, Frederick, Duke of York, dimly lighted, broods like a tubby angel; behind him, in the shadows of Waterloo Place, Scott of the Antarctic is not lighted at all. To the right, in Carlton House Terrace, is Crockford's, and it was there on the evening of August 30th that members of the Press were invited to attend the launching of a new card game, Calypso.

Crockford's was founded as a gambling club in 1827 by the son of a fishmonger. Hazard was the favourite game. You could lose a great deal of money at Hazard. One of the merits of Calypso, its founders claim, is the difficulty of losing more than one can afford. This marks a difference between the centuries.

On this evening, one was caught up at once into the hospitable assembly line. I arrived, I was greeted, I was passed from one to another of a line of officials increasingly important and charming, and was spilled out at the end opposite a menu on which I had only time to read the words, "Potted Shrimps," before being swirled on into the bar. Here the members of the Press were particularly thick. In front of me a distinguished gentleman with grey hair and a bow tie turned to his companion. "Typical lot, aren't they?" he said.

A waitress came up to me. "Will you take some cup?" she said. "Cup" revives for me undergraduate memories of gin heavily diluted with draught cider in which pieces of cucumber have been set to float. "What's in the cup?" I asked. "Champagne," said the waitress. "Then," said I, "I'd like some."

A sudden movement of guests and waitresses pushed me into the side of the room, where the weekly columnist of a north-country evening paper was eating nuts. He was an aloof young man—a Buddhist from Bradford (or it might have been Bolton), and an enthusiastic amateur chef. We discussed (for the sake of euphony) Buddhism, *bourgeois* values, and *bifsteak flambé*. Then I noticed that everyone else had gone in to supper. "You don't *want* supper," said the amateur chef, "everything's bound to be smothered in mayonnaise."—"That's all right," I said, "you can disapprove while I eat."

Supper was held in what I took to be the card-room. There were high, light-coloured walls and strong illumination. At one side hung a black and orange doormat, on which the word "CALYPSO" was spelled out. The celebrities began to be separated and photographed. A light mist of mayonnaise spread over the surface of the cards. Mr. Kenneth Konstam, of the English Bridge Team, gave a speech in which he said it was impossible to make a disastrous mistake at Calypso. With this reassurance, the guests began to play.

There is a book about Calypso by Ewart Kempson; it is published by the Rockliff Corporation, and it costs six shillings. A game which it takes seventy-six pages to explain is beyond the scope of one short article. It will be enough here to say that Calypso seems to combine some of the main features of Canasta, Bridge and Slippery Kate. Each game lasts about thirty minutes and takes four deals. It is played usually with a partner, two against two, though there is a three-handed variant as well. Even if disastrous mistakes be impossible, post-mortems still seem to go on ("I had a club," said a determined gentleman in black, "and the two, three of diamonds"), and ladies still need advice ("Lead a spade, dear," said the dinner-jacketed gentleman to the lady in pearls).

CALYPSO, a new card game, was launched at Crockford's Club on August 30th. *Above:* Miss Hélène Cordet and Loelia, Duchess of Westminster. *Below:* Mr. Kenneth Konstam instructs Mr. Richard Hearne (*right*), Miss Joan Gilbert and Mr. Alan Wheatley.

I stopped for a while by one table. "Why is that man wearing a sheriff's star?" I said to one of the organisers. "Because he's just returned from Las Vegas," the organiser said. "He's Richard Hearne. You know—Mr. Pastry." Mr. Hearne looked up and smiled politely at a camera. With him were Mr. Alan Wheatley and Miss Joan Gilbert. Last time I met Miss Gilbert she was interviewing Colonel Fleming and myself on a television programme that also included a boxer, a Belgian novelist, a small bronze statue of a horse, a bowl of tulips, and a live leopard from the Zoo. It did not seem a moment to remind her of that encounter.

The patient experts moved from table to table, watched, I assumed, by the bemused ghosts of past Hazard-playing members of Crockford's. Those members of the Press who were not engaged in play spilled back into the bar, where Miss Hélène Cordet, in a black dress with a red sash, was being photographed holding a glass of brandy. "But I don't *know* how to play Calypso," said Miss Cordet, but was led, nevertheless, prettily complaining into the card-room. I watched a tank of tiny fish, and chatted for a while with a middle-aged lady who wanted to be remembered to Walter Crisham. "I feel like some beer after all this champagne," said the amateur chef, and, since it seemed too late to take a hand of Calypso, I went off to join him.

JOHN BOWEN.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

Tweed still leads as a fashion fabric, and this slim-fitting dress and bolero-jacket in black-and-white tweed are worn with a stole and beret in South-West African Persian Lamb. This is from *Balmain's* elegant and sumptuous collection.

The Line in Paris

WHILE the newest note in the Paris Autumn Collections (that struck by Christian Dior) is very new, and will have a striking repercussion in our future fashions in this country, the general fashion news does not really mean that the ordinary woman has to throw away her entire wardrobe. Fur is used everywhere—on tweed, satin, wool-jersey, brocades. Suits have matching long blouses ; fabulous fabrics are used for casually styled dresses. All concentration leaves the bosom for the hip-line. Colours are dark or muted with flashes of blue and a great deal of red. Skirts are shortish, whether Englishwomen like them that way or not. The beret, in every form, is seen everywhere.

(Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

(continued)

The Line in Paris

Dior's line with its flattened bosom and long bodice. All emphasis now on stomach or hips, with either a slim-fitting or full skirt, will have a far-reaching fashion influence. At first it seems ugly, then becomes unbelievably alluring. This two-piece in brown wool shows the undarted bodice and filled-in neckline seen in so many of *Christian Dior's* dresses and suits.

A brown suit worn with a matching three-quarter coat in smooth-surfaced fabric with large, low-placed poachers, and large collar and muff, rich and luxurious in sable. The slightly shorter skirt is seen. By *Jacques Fath*.

A tailored and casual dress in glistening champagne-coloured metallic fabric with a short bodice and pleated skirt. Worn with a little hat and muff in mink. This is the type of cocktail dress seen in many collections. By *Patou.*

A simple young dress in wine-coloured wool-jersey, belted in blue, with a cross-over movement. Paris uses wool-jersey in abundance, and it seems an ideal fabric for this country. *Hubert de Givenchy.*

A slim-fitting jersey dress, showing the longer bodice line, seen in so many collections, with all emphasis moving downwards to the hip-line. Shoulders all have this natural, softened line, and very often sleeves are set in, with no padding. This dress is a typical example of the sleek, uncluttered simplicity seen in Paris this Autumn. By *Jacques Fath.*

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

Elegant Economy

The suit and matching long coat have now taken a strong position in any basic wardrobe, for either town or country. Here is a fitting tweed suit in shades of brown, with a top coat in co-related tweed. Ideal for autumn days, this three-piece in a wide range of colours and sizes comes from *John Barker*, Kensington, price 15½ gns., as do the gloves and pull-on velour hat.

Are you happiest with several kinds of underwear, to vary with clothes, occasions, climate? Nylon crepe, nylon jersey and milanese are firm-textured, opaque and smooth—their looks as pretty as their ways are practical. Nylon taffeta bells-out a skirt and rustles deliciously; and nylon chiffons, tricots and laces are misty and diaphanous. However many kinds you like, whichever you prefer, nylon makes heavenly underwear with Trojan virtues and a very long life.

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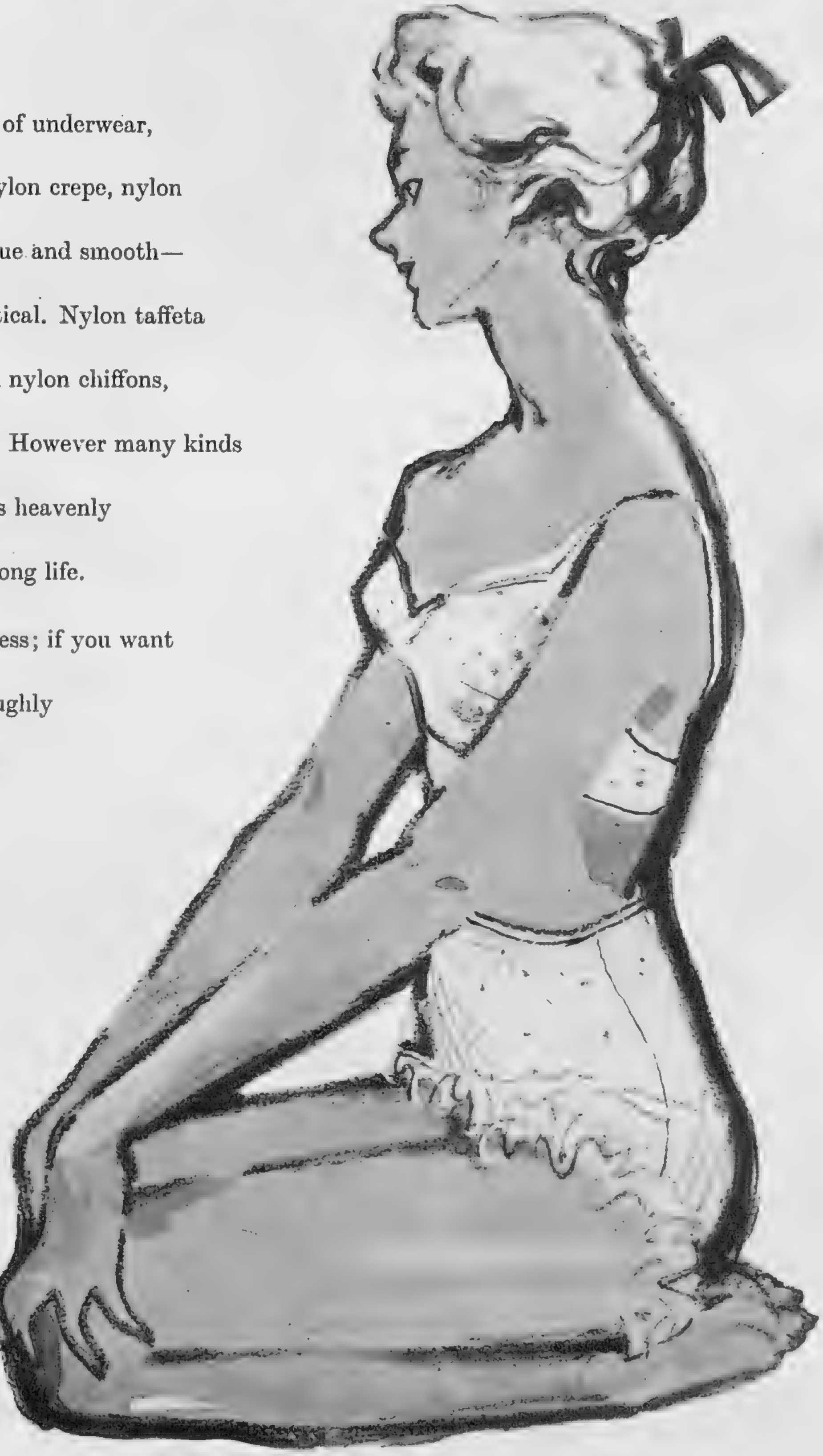

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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Standard Ten

HERE is one of those little cars that seem to give so much in relation to their size and power. It is a splendid sample of the post-war design technique which has now settled down and which is such a great improvement on pre-war. All the lessons and experience of bang-up-to-date design and production are used to the full. And the comfort of the driver and his passengers is not forgotten in this mechanical development.

It is obvious that the Standard *Ten* is closely related to the successful *Eight* that Sir John Black introduced. Its overall dimensions are the same, although the bumpers account for a few extra inches in length. The power unit is an overhead valve 4-cylinder 948 c.c. engine and it certainly gives out power—actually 33 b.h.p., at 4,500 r.p.m. The result is quite a lively acceleration, so useful in these days of congested roads. The maximum speed of the *Ten* is around 65 miles an hour.

The efficiency of the engine really comes to light, however, in the petrol consumption. All-in running at rather more than gentle cruising gave me something on the right side of 40 to the gallon. The suspension is comfortable and the steering accurate and safe. Mechanically, indeed, there is much to be admired.

As for the construction, the body interior space is ample, and the boot is in proportion. The seats are as comfortable, I would say, as any in this style of car. I like the substantial style of the two front seats and the very good support for one's back. One could drive a goodish way without tiring in this little car. There is nothing " utility " about the body. All four doors have wind-up windows, and each one also carries a swivelling vent.

One feature pleased me very much. I often complain about heating systems that don't work. Here, on this *Ten*, is one that really does what you want it to do. Degrees of heat or cool air are fed to interior or screen, as dictated by handy controls on the facia. I really do give full marks for that, because I struck a week-end that included all our four seasons in 48 hours. Some heat and sun, and a really cold night run.

Let me sum up by saying that the general standard of finish both inside and out is good, and the clean line of the whole car presents a neat, workmanlike whole.

CURRENT TOPICS

The B.M.C. Gas Turbine

THE British Motor Corporation have announced the successful testing of a gas turbine engine in an Austin *Sheerline* car. By virtue of a visit to record interviews for the B.B.C., I have been privileged to see the car and hear it running, although I was not allowed to drive it or ride in it.

To all intents and purposes, it is a normal *Sheerline* car, the turbine unit having been designed from the very start to fit into an existing car. Dr. J. H. Weaving, the man in charge of the project, told me that the B.M.C. wanted to obtain a direct comparison with a normal piston engine. For fuel they chose to use Diesel. This is more difficult to burn than paraffin, but they considered that availability at filling stations was more important. Fuel consumption is the vital problem, and the use of a heat exchanger has improved this, since the exhaust heat is used again to preheat the ingoing air. But even then, from neither Dr. Weaving nor Sir Leonard Lord could I get any idea as to the measure of success or the actual m.p.g.

Sir Leonard told me that it would be five years or more before such a unit could be produced and available for everyday use. I asked him how he thought we stood in relation to American development, and again he would not commit himself. " They are cagey about it, and so are we." And he was right. But he did go on to say that the advantages of the unit will be great when it is ready. Two-pedal control with no gears, fewer moving parts and reduced upkeep and few adjustments to be made were the advantages he stressed.

I saw the car started up. The noise is greater than from a normal unit with more of a roar. But the exhaust is not much hotter, and one can easily hold one's hand in it without being burnt. Incidentally, Dr. Weaving wants to kill the " jet car " title. As he so rightly pointed out, a jet propels a fast aircraft. In the car application, the jet turns the turbine much as water turns a water-wheel. So " Turbine Car " it must be.

In any case, from what I was told, the unit will probably be first applied to lorries, then to large cars, and perhaps, in the end, to ordinary family cars. But that is in a quite remote future.

Concerning Record-Breakers

I WROTE two weeks ago of the Austin-Healey, little knowing that within a few days Donald Healey would be breaking records in America with a modified car of the same type. His record of 192.6 miles per hour over the flying mile is a noteworthy performance indeed. And he carried on to take other International records up to ten miles at speeds over 180 miles an hour. Hearty congratulations are due to him, and I know how pleased he will be. The car was secretly tested in England before it was sent across the Atlantic.

The other record-breaking to report concerns the M.G. driven by George Eyston. This car collected no fewer than thirty-four International and American National Records in Class F (1,100 c.c. to 1,500 c.c.). Among the International records were 1,000 miles at 107 m.p.h. and 12 hours at 105 m.p.h., both from a standing start. What is interesting is that the American National records collected had previously been held by an Austin A.40 ! And the A.40's figures were more than doubled. Co-driving with Captain Eyston was Ken Miles, who comes from Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, but now resides in U.S.A.

" The Stranger "

AN M.I.R.A. official once told me a story about the high-speed circuit at Lindley. It seems that, late one afternoon, a gentleman arrived and sought permission to drive round the high-speed circuit, then newly opened. He presented his card, and said his firm were members of the association. The M.I.R.A. official hardly glanced at the card, but gave his consent. He went with the visitor, rather nervous because high-speed driving calls for skill and experience and he did not know how this visitor would react to the circuit. However, having gone round very fast indeed and been impressed by the driver's skill, he bade him farewell and bethought himself to look at the name on the card. He was part surprised and part relieved when he saw it was Captain George Eyston ! Since he is the fastest man on earth, no wonder the official suffered no qualms as his passenger.

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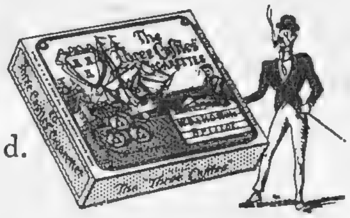

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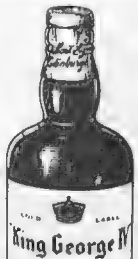

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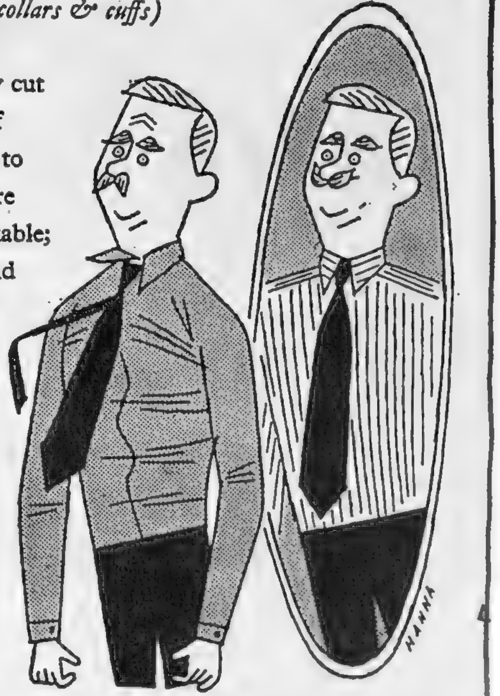

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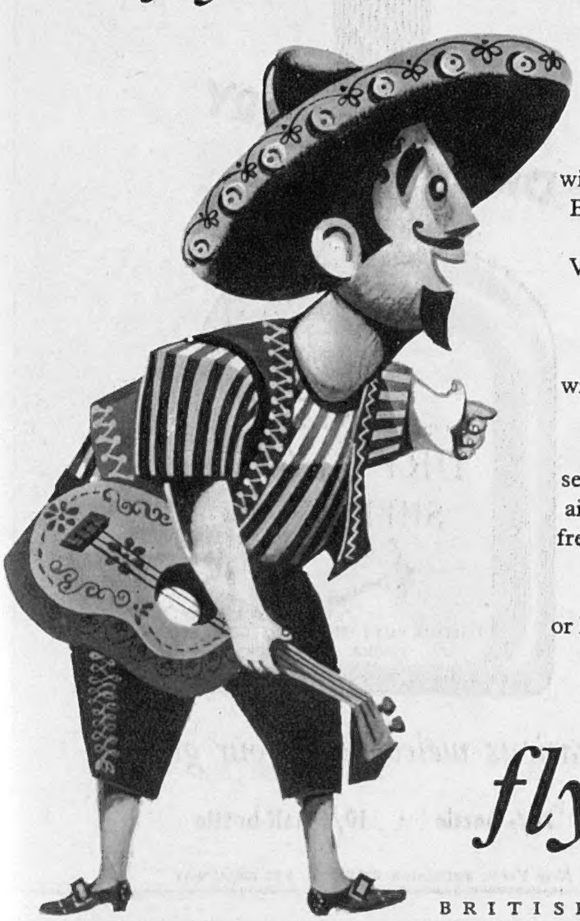

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SEPTEMBER

THE NOMADS

Partridge-shooting and the academic year begin in September; camping, for most practical purposes, ends. Tents, it must be accepted, have some disadvantages. They defy the best directed efforts to erect them, the guy ropes can seldom be adjusted to a nicety, and once up they tend to exert on cows a fascination which must, one suspects, be morbid. Their charm, to which the British holiday-maker is increasingly susceptible, lies in the extreme flexibility which they confer on his strategy; they give him the enviable status of a nomad. Used (as they largely are in the army) in a static role, tents are inconvenient billets; the Territorial seldom feels affection for the symmetrical acres of canvas on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere—although at the end of a tiring night operation he returns to roost there as happily as a homing pigeon. But a tent of one's own gives a sense of freedom and independence, which is not altogether illusory. There are, of course, moments when its occupants, even if they will not admit it to each other, would gladly exchange it for some less impermanent accommodation; when, as the rain drums loudly on the roof, visions of the Hotel de l'Univers or the Anglers' Arms float in the darkness with an irresistible allure. But the next morning things generally seem not quite so intolerable. There is the positive satisfaction of an ordeal survived and a confident feeling that the next night things will be different.

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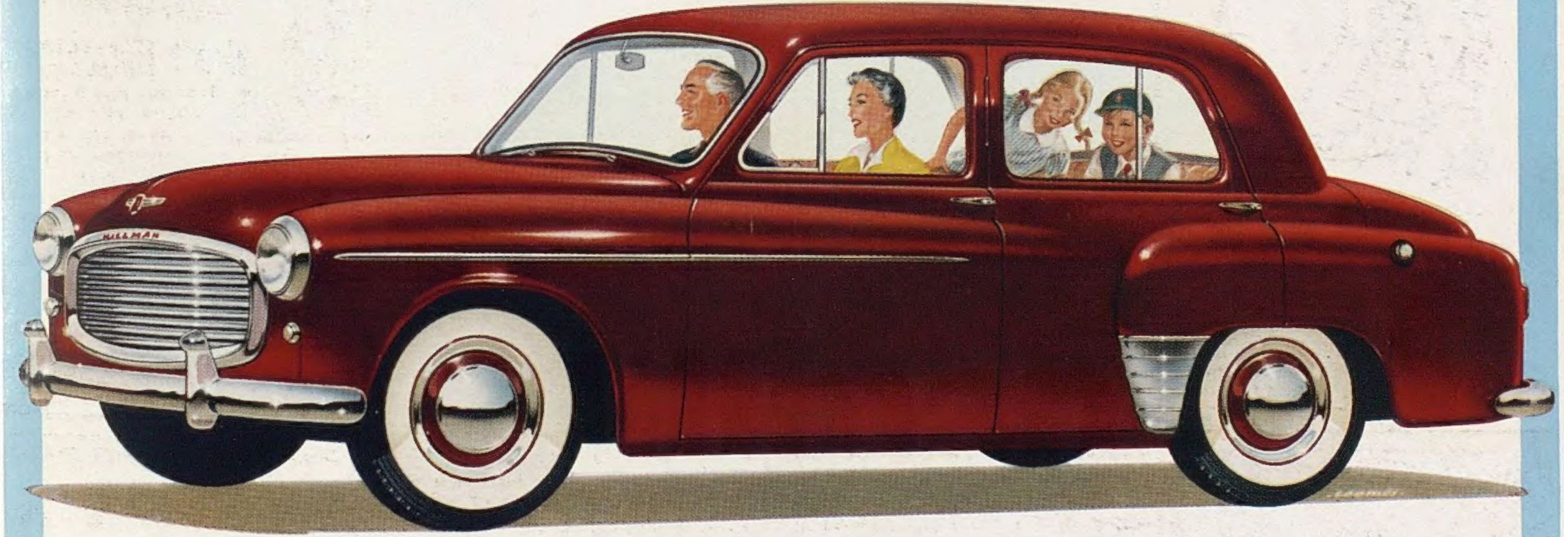

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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Fortnightly at the office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1954. Re-entered as Second-Class Matter, August 15, 1941, at the Post Office at New York (N.Y.), under the Act of March 3, 1879.